THE
ODES *and* SATYRS
OF
HORACE,

That have been done into *Engliſh*
By the moſt EMINENT HANDS.

VIZ.

Earl of ROCHESTER.
Earl of ROSCOMMON.
Mr. COWLEY.
Mr. OTWAY.
Mr. CONGREVE.
Mr. PRIOR.
Mr. MAYNWARING.
Mr. DRYDEN.
Mr. MILTON.
Mr. POOLY.

WITH HIS
ART *of* POETRY,
By the Earl of *ROSCOMMON.*

To this EDITION is added ſeveral ODES never before Publiſhed.

LONDON:
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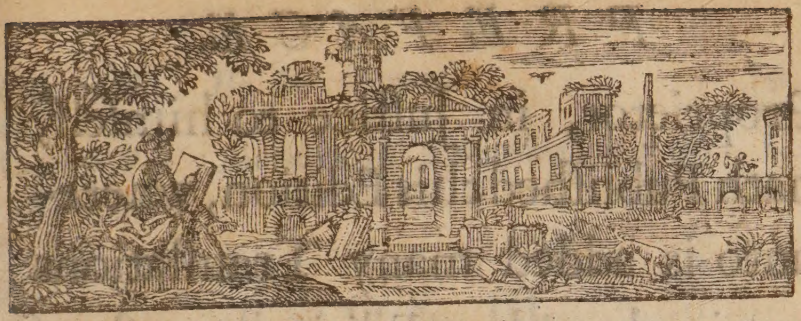
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PREFACE.

IT is thought not improper to inform the Reader, that there having been lately publiſhed an Edition of this Book by Perſons who have no Right to the Printing thereof, the Copies therein being near all taken from the *Miſcellany Poems* publiſhed by Mr. *Dryden*, and printed by *Jacob Tonſon:* Therefore the ſaid

Proprietor, in Juſtice to himſelf, hath Publiſhed this Edition, whereunto is added many Tranſlations not in the other Edition, moſt of which were never before Printed, and which are diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, by being printed in an *Italick* Character.

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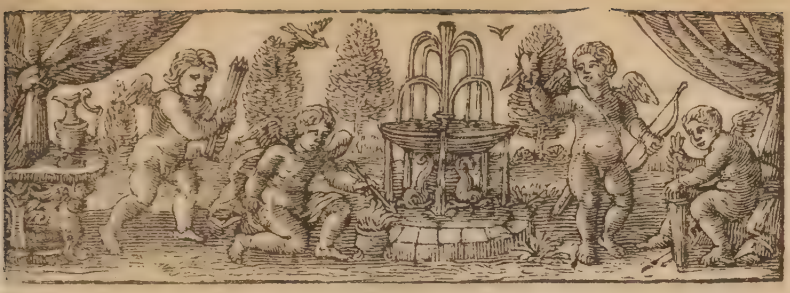
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EPISTLES BOOK I.



THE ODES OF *HORACE.*

BOOK I. ODE I.

To *MECÆNAS.*

Several Men have several Delights; *Lyrick* Poetry is his.

MECÆNAS, *born a* Tuscan *Prince,*
My Joy, my Glory, my Defence;
Some view with a delighted Eye,
Thick Clouds of Dust around 'em fly;
While their contending Chariots rowl,
And nicely shun th' Olympic *Goal;*
Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,
Exalt a Monarch to a God.

Others in high Commands are proud,
That great Preferment of the Crowd:
Blown by their Breath the Bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a while, then breaks and dies.
Another ploughs his Father's Fields,
His Barn holds all that Libya *yields;*
And Heaps of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
Can never tempt him from the Plain;
Or *draw his fearful Soul, to ride*
In Ships, and ſtem the boiſt'rous Tide.
The Merchant, toſt in angry Seas,
Commends his Farm and rural Eaſe;
Yet rigs his tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be Poor.
Some underneath a Myrtle Shade
Or *by ſmooth Springs ſupinely laid,*
In Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
Loſe half the Buſineſs of the Day.
Others *in tented Fields delight,*
And love the Horrors of a Fight,
The Trumpets Sound, the ſtern Debate,
And all that anxious Mothers hate.
The Hunter does his Eaſe forgoe,
And lyes abroad in Froſt and Snow;
Forgetting ſoon his tender Wife
With all the ſoft Delights of Life;
While faithful Hounds a Deer purſue,
Or *keep the raging Boar in View.*
Me to ſome Shady Fields remove
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and love;
Far diſtant from the buſie Throng;
There let the Muſes tune my Song;

But they in vain will ſtring my Lyre,
Unleſs you praiſe what they inſpire:
If you, propitious to my Fame,
Among the Lyricks *plant my Name;*
The Works that you with Judgment prize
Will raiſe my Head above the Skies.

ODE I.

BOunt'ous *Mecænas*, Royal by Deſcent,
Guard of my Fame, and boaſted Ornament.

SOME in the Ring delight to guide the Rein,
And drive the Char'ot thro' the duſty Plain,
Whilſt glowing Wheels with Art the Goal decline,
And Palms of Triumph round the Hero twine,
Rival to Gods in Pomp, he's held divine.

The buſie Candidate who Voices tries,
And on the giddy Rabble's Smiles relies,
Who undiſtinguiſh'd Favours lend to Day,
To Morrow with a Caprice vote away.

A Third, whoſe ſole Ambition 'tis to till
With Spade or Plough, his ſmall paternal Soil;
Safe in the Granary has lodg'd his Corn,
From *Africk*'s plent'ous Floors undamag'd born.
Were you to bribe them with the World's Command,
They'd never quit their golden Hopes on Land.

The Merchant, when the Eaſtern Sky's o'ercaſt,
Fearing the Hazards of th' approaching Blaſt:
When ſtruggling Currents ſwell the angry Tide,
Twiſt the ſtiff Plank, and rip the lab'ring Side,
Applauds the even Breezes of the Shore,
With th' humble Pleaſures of his Country Store;
Refits his ſhatter'd Hulk, and puts to Sea,
Untractable to ſlighted Poverty.

Others, in ample Bowls of *Maſſic* Juice,
Deceive the Day, and give their Cares a looſe;
Now at full Length extended in the Shade,
Then to a ſacred Spring recline their Head.

Many, to Glory bent, purſue the War,
Where the mixt Sound alarms and glads the Ear;
Whilſt the fond Mother dreads the bloody Scene,
And dreams of Fights the Youth was never in.

The eager Sportſman, when the Game's in View,
And the ſtanch Hounds to Bay the Stag purſue;
Or the wild Boar the ſlender Toils has broke,
Defies the Cold, and the rude Winter's Stroke:
Whilſt the young Bride at home neglected lyes,
Wiſhing the Chaſe was nearer, by her Eyes.

My chiefeſt Pride's the Ivy's learned Wreath,
Which gain'd, will privilege my Verſe from Death,
Diſdain of Crowds, and love of cool Retreat,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs friſk with nimble Feet,
Muſt ſtill diſtinguiſh me amongſt the Great.
If the kind Muſes pleaſe to ſtring my Lyre,
And tun'd with artful Hand, ſoft Lays inſpire.

But if *Mecænas* grants the Lyrick Bays,
I'll ſoar above the Breath of vulgar Praiſe.

ODE II.

By ARTHUR MAYNWARING, *Eſq;*

I.

TOO long, alas, with Storms of Hail and Snow,
Jove has chaſtis'd the World below!
Too long his flaming Arm has Lightning thrown,
And ſtruck our blaſted Temples down,
To terrifie this guilty Town!

II.

Such Floods of Water have appear'd,
The World a ſecond Deluge fear'd,
Like that when *Proteus* drove his ſcaly Flocks,
To look for Safety on the Rocks.
When caught in Trees, where Birds no longer ſung,
Expiring Shoals of Fiſhes hung;
And ev'ry Creature of the Plain,
At once was ſwimming in the dreadful Main.

III.

So have we ſeen deſtructive *Tiber* flow,
And Monuments of Kings o'erthrow;
Nor ev'n from *Numa*'s Fane retire,
Nor fear to quench dread *Veſta*'s Fire;
When mov'd by Tears which *Ilia* ſhed,
(*Ilia* his Wife, who mourn'd our Monarch dead,
When *Cæſar* her great Offspring bled)
Back from the *Tuſcan* Shore his Waves he drove,
With Paſſion greater than a Husband's Love;

And took too much Revenge on *Rome*,
Preſerv'd by *Jove* for his ſuperior Doom.

IV.

Next, we are puniſh'd with a Civil War,
For which we fatal Arms prepare,
Thoſe Arms that ſhould have bravely kill'd
The haughty *Perſians* in ſome foreign Field,
Fought Battles here; and in ſucceeding Times,
Our Youth will hear, aſtoniſh'd at our Crimes;
That *Roman* Armies *Romans* ſlew;
Our Youth, alas, will then be few.

V.

What God's Protection ſhall our People crave,
The falling State of *Rome* to ſave?
What moving Song ſhall holy Maids prepare,
To whom will *Jove* the Power convey,
To expiate our Guilt away?
Oh *Phœbus* hear our loud Complaints at laſt,
And to ſupport this Empire haſte,
With Clouds around thy glittering Shoulders caſt!

VI.

Or You, fair *Cyprian* Queen, deſcend,
You, whom Love and Joy attend;
Or thou, O *Mars*, whoſe only Pleaſures are
The Pomp of Arms, and the ſhrill Noiſe of War;
To whom no Look ſo charming ſhews,
As the ſtern Frown of Soldiers, or their Foes;
On thy neglected Race look down,
And ſpare our Blood deſcended from thy own:
For ſure, our long unnatural Fights,
Give thee a ſurfeit of thy own Delights!

VII.

Or, if 'tis you Bright *Hermes*, that appear
Form'd in the Shape of young *Auguſtus* here,

Pleas'd to be call'd th' Avenger of our Guilt,
For *Cæsar*'s Blood, with Horror spilt;
Late may you go to Heav'n again,
And long o'er *Romans* happy reign;
Nor at our Crimes offended fly
Too soon from hence to bless your native Sky:
Here rather still Great Triumphs love;
Here your just Titles still approve;
Be still call'd Prince and Father of our Land,
Nor let our Foes insult, while you our Troops command.

ODE III.

Inscrib'd to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, *on his intended Voyage to* Ireland.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Printed in the Second Miscellany, Page 74.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars (the Seed of *Jove*)
And he, who rules the raging Wind
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales;
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of Poets, and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
And land him safely on the Shore:

And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at Sea.
Sure he, who firſt the Paſſage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side!
Or his at leaſt, in hollow Wood,
Who tempted firſt the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the Winds contending roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd with ſtedfaſt Sight
Could view the Surges mounting ſteep,
And Monſters rolling in the Deep;
Cou'd thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe Command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th'inviolable Main;
Th'eternal Fences over-leap;
And paſs at will the boundleſs Deep.
No Toil, no Hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the Seed of Fire;
A Train of Ills, a Ghaſtly Crew,
The Robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre Face,
And Fevers of the fiery Race,

In

In Swarms th' offending Wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted Ground:
And limping Death laſh'd on by Fate
Comes up to ſhorten half our Date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd Wings to ſail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his Way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake and ſnatch'd his Prey.
Nay, ſcarce the Gods, or Heavenly Climes
Are ſafe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull th' unwilling Thunder down.

ODE IV.

* By the E—— of *R*——

Printed in the Firſt Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 104.

COnquer'd with ſoft and pleaſing Charms,
And never failing Vows of her Return,
Winter unlocks his froſty Arms
To free the joyful Spring,
Which for freſh Loves with youthful Heat does burn;
Warm South-winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
Awake the drowſie Flowers,
Who haſte and all their Sweetneſs bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is ſeen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleaſant Green,

* *Not written by the E—— of* R——

And only fragrant Dews now fall:
The Ox forſakes his once warm Stall
To bask i'th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
The Plowman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
Well pleas'd to whiſtle to his lab'ring Teams;
Whilſt the glad Shepherd pipes to's friſking Sheep.
Nay, tempted by the ſmiling Sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore,
Reſolving once again to try
The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power;
Chuſing much rather to be Dead than Poor.

Upon the flow'ry Plains,
Or under ſhady Trees,
The Shepherdeſſes and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies;
Then ſteal in private to their covert Groves,
There finiſh their well-heighten'd Loves.
The City Dame takes this Pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quite the Smoke and Buſineſs of the Town,
And to her Country-Houſe retires,
Where ſhe may bribe, then graſp ſome Country Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her looſe Deſires;
Whilſt the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
Maintains her Luſt and Pride,
Bleſt as he thinks with ſuch a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why ſhould not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
And pleaſe our ſelves with all that's ſweet;

Let's

Let's to the ſhady Bowers,
Where Crown'd with gawdy Flowers,
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
Truſt me, *Thyrſis*, the grim Conqueror Death
With the ſame freedom ſnatches a King's Breath,
He hurdles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.
Tho' we each Day with Coſt repair,
He mocks our greateſt Skill and utmoſt Care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,
And he that lives the longeſt dies but young;
And once depriv'd of Light
We're wrapt in miſts of endleſs Night.
Once come to thoſe dark Cells, of which we're told
So many ſtrange romantick Tales of old
(In Things unknown Invention's juſtly bold)
No more ſhall Mirth and Wine
Our Loves and Wit refine.
No more ſhall you your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis ſo long you've priz'd:
Nay ſhe too in the Grave
Shall lye like us deſpis'd.

ODE V.

Imitated by Mr. COWLEY.

Printed in his Poems in Octavo, *Page* 31.

I.

TO whom now, *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what Heart-raviſh'd Lover
Doſt thou thy golden Locks unbind,
Thy hidden Sweets diſcover,
And with large Bounty open ſet
All the bright Stores of thy rich Cabinet?

II.

Ah, ſimple Youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd Faith complain?
And his own Fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain:
Of ſo *Camelion-like* an hue,
That ſtill *their Colour* changes with it too?

III.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The Blackneſs of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds ſound higher,
And ſee the Billows riſe:
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas, before, had been at Sea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-ſhine* now,
And no Breath ſtirring hears;
In the clear Heaven of thy Brow,
No ſmalleſt Cloud appears.

He

He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the *faithleſs April* of thy *May*.

V.

Unhappy! Thrice unhappy *he*,
T' whom *thou untry'd* doſt ſhine!
But there's no Danger now for *me*,
Since o'er *Loretto*'s Shrine,
In witneſs of the *Shipwrack* paſt,
My *Conſecrated Veſſel* hangs at laſt.

ODE V.

By Mr. Horneck.

Pyrrha, what ſlender well-ſhap'd *Beau*,
Perfum'd with Eſſence haunts thee now,
And lures thee to ſome kind Receſs,
To ſport on Roſe-Beds ſunk in Eaſe?
Pr'ythee what Youth would'ſt thou inſnare,
Artleſs and clean, with flowing Hair?
How oft will he have cauſe to mourn
Thy broken Vows and *Cupid*'s Scorn?
Unskill'd as yet, he'll wond'ring ſpy
Freſh Tempeſts raging in that Eye,
From whence he hop'd a Calmer Sky.
Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliſs,
Thinks you divine and ſolely his:
Born down the Tide with eaſy Sail,
Little ſuſpects an Adverſe Gale.
Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,
Whilſt Strangers to thy coquet Arts!

My

My Garments in the Fane diſplay'd,
As Trophies that my Vows are paid,
Own the Great Ruler of the Sea
Author of my Delivery.

ODE V.

By Mr. *MILTON.*

Rendred almoſt Word for Word without Rhyme according to the Latin Meaſure, as near the Language will permit.

WHat ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha, *for whom bind'ſt thou*
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they

To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

ODE VI.

Apply'd to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

By Captain R—— S——

SHould *Addiſon*'s immortal Verſe
Thy Fame in Arms, Great Prince, rehearſe,
With *Anna*'s Lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in War:
Repeat the proud *Bavarian*'s Fall,
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.
'Tis not for me thy Worth to ſhew,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe.
Deſcribe ſtern *Diomede* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to flight.
I dare not with unequal Rage,
On ſuch a mighty Theme engage;
Nor fully in a Verſe like mine,
Illuſtrious *Anna*'s Praiſe, and thine.
Let the laborious *Epic* Strain
In lofty Numbers ſing the Man,
That bears to diſtant Worlds his Arms,
And frights the *German* with Alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell:
In Trifling Cares my humble Muſe
A leſs ambitious Tract purſues:
Inſtead of Troops in Battel mixt,
And *Gauls* with *Britiſh* Spears transfixt,
She paints the ſoft Diſtreſs and Mein
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From

From the gay Noiſe, affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair,
A ſlender Stock of Fame I raiſe,
And draw from others Faults my Praiſe.

ODE IX.

By Mr. *CONGREVE.*

Vides ut alta, &c.

In the Third Miſcellany, Page 142.

I.

BLeſs me, 'tis cold! how chill the Air!
How naked does the World appear!
But ſee (big with the Off-ſpring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth:
A Show'r of ſoft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new cloath the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-tops around,
As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky,
Whoſe Fall of Leaf would theirs ſupply:
Trembling, the Groves ſuſtain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II. Dif-

II.

Diffuſive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Diſeaſe, through all its Veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living Stream is num'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the *Air*;
Let chearful Fires *Sol*'s feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with ſparkling Wine,
Let's Drink till our own Faces ſhine,
Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpence to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no Froſt can fix;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heav'ns Concern, and let it be
The Care of Heaven ſtill for me:
Theſe Winds which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,
Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding Nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent Moment's all our ſtore:
The next, ſhou'd Heav'n allow,
Than this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Inſtant *Now*.
Look on each Day you've paſt
To be a mighty Treaſure won:
And lay each Moment out in haſte;

We're

We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand Pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit *Age* will fly;
Sweets that wanton i'th' Boſom of the Spring,
In *Winter*'s cold Embraces dye.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting Boy, invites
To revel, while you may, in ſoft Delights:
Now, the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful *Arms*.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with ſwifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obſcure Shades ſhe flies,
There vails the bright Confeſſion of her Eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft Sighs conveys
The Whiſpers of her Heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her Raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his Sight ſhe does her ſelf convey,
With a feign'd Laugh ſhe will her ſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

ODE IX.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 77.

I.

BEhold yon Mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams with Icy Fetters bound,
Benum'd and crampt to solid Ground.

II.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
And feed the genial heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth His Care, provide.

III.

Let Him alone with what He made,
To toss and turn the World below;
At His Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by His Commission blow;
Till with a Nod He bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

IV.

To Morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortunes Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
What e're thou get'st to Day is Gain.

V. Se-

V.

Secure thoſe Golden early Joys,
That Youth unſowr'd with Sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the Taſte deſtroys,
With Sickneſs and unwieldy Years!
For active Sports, for pleaſing Reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt,
The beſt is but in Seaſon beſt.

VI.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliſs,
The pleaſing Whiſper in the Dark,
The half unwilling willing Kiſs,
That Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
Theſe, theſe are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

ODE IX.

Imitated.

SInce the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,
And Winter's cold Blaſts have benum'd us below;
Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the ſame ſpeed,
As Criminals move to'ards the Pſalm they can't Read:
Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, whole Groves on the Fire,
To keep out the Cold, and new Vigour inſpire.
Ne'er waſte the dull time in impertinent Thinking,
But urge and purſue the grand Buſineſs of Drinking.
Come, pierce your old Hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in Sherry,
For this is the Seaſon to drink and be Merry:

That

That reviv'd by good Liquor, and Billets together,
We may brave the loud Storms, and defy the cold Weather.
We'll have no more of Buſineſs; but, Friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the Care of the Good Folks above us.
Whilſt your Appetite's ſtrong, and good Humour remains,
And active, brisk Blood does enliven your Veins,
Improve the ſweet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Miſtreſs the Night.
In the Dark you may try, whether *Phillis* is kind;
The Night for Intrigues was ever deſign'd:
Though ſhe runs from your Arms, and retires to a Shade,
Some Friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;
All Trembling you'll find the poor baſhful Sinner;
Such a Treſpaſs is Venial in any Beginner:
But, remember this Counſel when once you have met her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or ſomething that's better.

ODE XIII.

By Mr. GLANVILL.

Cum Tu, *Lydia*, *Telephi*, &c.

In the Fourth Miſcellany, Page 289.

I.

WHEN happy *Strephon*'s too prevailing Charms,
His roſie Neck, and his ſoft waxen Arms,
Inhumane *Lydia* wantonly you praiſe,
How cruelly my jealous Spleen you raiſe!
Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring Breaſt,
Not to be hid, and leſs to be ſuppreſt.

II. Then

II.

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondneſs, and the Shame,
Nor Speech, nor Thoughts, nor Looks remain the ſame.
Fickle as my Mind my various Colour ſhews,
And with my Tide of Paſſion ebbs and flows:
Tears ſtealing fall diſtill'd by ſoft Deſire,
To ſhew the melting Slowneſs of the Fire.

III.

Ah! When I ſee that livid Neck betray
The Drunken Youth's too rudely wanton Play;
When on thoſe paſſive Lips the Marks I find
Of frantick boiling Kiſſes left behind;
I rave to think theſe cruel Tokens ſhew
Things I can not miſtake, and would not know.

IV.

How fond's the Hope, how fooliſh and how vain,
Of laſting Love, from the ungrateful Swain!
Who that ſoft Lip ſo roughly can invade;
Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid:
Quickly they're glutted who ſo fierce devour;
They ſuck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.

V.

But oh! thrice happy they that equal move
In an unbroken Yoke of faithful Love!
Whom no Complaint, no Strife, no Jealouſie
Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;
But ſtill they dear faſt mutual Slaves remain,
Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.

ODE XV.

Imitated by Mr. S. W.

Never Printed before.

I.

AS Paris *plough'd the wat'ry Plain,*
Bearing his fatal Prize, fair Helen, *home,*
The ſighing Winds and weeping Main
Grew calm, whilſt Nereus *thus foretold his Doom.*
Unhappy Youth! purſu'd by Fate
And all that is unfortunate:
Alas! thou know'ſt not, void of Care,
How great a Flame theſe teeming Billows bear.
With armed Troops, with Sword and Fire,
Shall all united Greece *conſpire*
To break th'unlawful Match and raze thy Town,
And rend from Priam's *Head his Royal Crown.*
Troy's *proud Towers, and* Neptune's *Wall,*
Fram'd by Apollo's *ſacred Lyre,*
Shall then be humbled with a Fall,
And in one common Flame expire.
Priam, *who's now their happy Lord,*
By all his Subjects ſo ador'd,
Shan't in his bury'd City find a Grave,
Nor in the flaming Pile a Fun'ral have.

II.

Yonder methinks the diſmal Tragedy
It ſelf is repreſenting to mine Eye.
Methinks I ſee the conqu'ring Troops appear,
Sweating beneath the glorious Arms they bear;
The prancing Steeds, with Thunder arm'd and Hate,
Drive o'er the bloody Plains as ſwift as Fate.

Yonder

Yonder display'd the warlike Banner bears
REVENGE *inscrib'd in bloody Characters.*
Revenge and Ruin lead the furious Band;
Horror and dismal Deaths its Steps attend;
Conquest at length comes panting up behind.
Methinks the azure Curtains of the Sky
Op'ning, present all Heav'n unto my wond'ring Eye.
The Gods are all in Counsel sate,
Determining the Trojan *Fate.*
Jove's *Thunder-bearer arm'd does stand;*
Pallas *her* Ægis *takes in hand:*
And all but Venus *will comply*
With Troy's *determin'd Destiny.*
Under her Conduct, thou in vain shalt bear
The hard Fatigues of unsuccessful War.
Some Love-Intrigue more skilfull to attempt,
Braver in Venus *than in* Mars *his Camp:*
Where thou might'st out of Danger range and rove
Through all the hidden Mysteries of Love:
Where thou might'st with Perfumes anoint thy Hair,
And tune in wanton Airs thy warbling Lyre,
Grateful and pleasing to the feeble Fair.

III.

But in her Camp in vain shalt thou reside,
In Pleasure drown'd, and with Enjoyment cloy'd:
In vain shalt thou attempt to fly
From thy pursuing Destiny:
At length thou shalt (but oh too late!)
Feel the long long deserved Blow of Fate.
See, see Ulysses *and the* Pylian *Sire*
For sculking Paris *earnestly enquire.*
See fierce Merion *seeks to bring him forth,*
Big with a just and swelling Tide of Wrath.

And

And all the injur'd Greeks, *whose bleeding Wounds*
Excite their Courage to redress their Wrongs.
Whose reaking Swords when feeble you
Half Dead with Fear shall trembling view,
Swift, as the panting Doe
Spying the Wolf her hungry Foe,
Winged with Fear, thou'lt leave the warlike Seat,
And seek amongst the Fair a safe Retreat.

IV.

Achilles *shall awhile resent his Wrong,*
Whose Absence may the Trojan *Fate prolong:*
But when appeas'd, no more shall he retreat,
But with redoubled Force his Blows repeat,
Untill in Seas of Blood he quench his angry Heat.
Thousands of Men shall fall, and Trojan *Dames,*
Embarqu'd for Styx *in their own Crimson Streams.*
At length ten rowling Years shall bring about the Times;
When Troy *first drown'd in Blood must end in Flames.*
Then in one blazing Pile shall Troy *expire,*
And then thy Flames of Love shall end in Flames of Fire.

ODE XIX.

By Mr. *CONGREVE.*

Mater sæva Cupidinum, *&c.*

In the Third Miscellany, Page 137.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine,
And wanton Ease, conspires
To make my Heart its Peace resign,

And to admit Loves long rejected Fires.
For beauteous *Glycera* I burn;
The Flames ſo long repell'd with double force return:
Endleſs her Charms appear, and ſhine more bright
Than poliſh'd Marble when reflecting Light:
With winning Coyneſs, ſhe my Soul diſarms:
And when her Looks are coldeſt, moſt ſhe warms:
Her Face darts forth a thouſand Rays,
Whoſe Luſtre an unwary Sight betrays,
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! She comes! ſhe ruſhes in my Veins!
At once all *Venus* enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is bleſt,
I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breaſt.
Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight;
And make rough War their Sport;
Such idle Themes no more ſhall move
Nor any thing but what's of high Import;
And what's of high Import but Love?
Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
With Wine of two Years Old, your Cups be fill'd:
After our Sacrifice and Prayer,
The Goddeſs may incline her Heart to yield.

ODE XXII.

By Lord *ROSCOMMON.*

Integer Vitæ, *&c.*

Printed in the First Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 99.

VIrtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence:
None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes,
Through *Libyan* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabine* Woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size,
In the *Hercinian* Forest lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace,
Where angry *Jove* did never spare
One Breath of kind and temp'rate Air:

Set me, where on ſome pathleſs Plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Char'ot of the Sun
So near the ſcorching Country run:

The burning Zone, the Frozen Iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of *Celia*'s Smiles,
All Cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all Heat but that of *Celia*'s Eyes.

ODE XXII.

Imitated by the ſame Hand.

Printed before Mrs. Philips's *Poems, printed for* J. T.

I.

VIrtue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd Darts,
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

II.

An Honeſt Mind ſafely alone,
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepeſt *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows.

III.

While rul'd by a reſiſtleſs Fire,
Our great * *Orinda* I admire,
The hungry Wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

IV.

Set me in the Remoteſt Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,

* *Mrs.* Katharine Phillips.

When there her Image fills my Breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo *bleſt*.

V.

Leave me upon ſome *Libyan* Plain,
So ſhe my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty Monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *Orinda*'s Name
Not only can their Fierceneſs tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

ODE XXII.

Imitated by Mr. *THOMAS YALDEN*.

In the Fourth Miſcellany, Page 206.

I.

THE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
That the Remorſe of ſecret Crimes ne'er felt:
Whoſe Breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with Sin,
But finds all calm, and all at Peace within:
In his Integrity ſecure,
He fears no Danger, dreads no Pow'r:
Uſeleſs are Arms for his Defence,
That keeps a faithful Guard of Innocence.

II.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:

Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous *Libya*'s Sands, and faithleſs Shore.
Tho' o'er th' inhoſpitable Brows
Of ſavage *Caucaſus* he goes:
Thro' *Africk*'s Flames, thro' *Scythia*'s Snows,
Or where *Hydaſpes*, fam'd for Monſters, flows.

III.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,
I tun'd my willing Lyre to Love:
With pleaſing am'rous Thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my Bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd,
A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs Prey:
When I invok'd *Maria*'s Aid,
Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monſter fled.

IV.

Not *Daunia*'s teeming Sands, nor barbarous Shore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful Native bore:
Nor *Africk*'s nurſing Caves brought forth
So fierce a Beaſt, of ſo amazing Growth.
Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
Againſt a Breaſt that's arm'd with Love;
Tho' abſent, fair *Maria*'s Name
Subdues the Fierce, and makes the Savage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd Place,
Whence cheerful Light withdraws its Rays;
No Beams on barren Nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful Winds refreſh th' intemp'rate Soil:
But Tempeſts, with eternal Froſt,
Still rage around the gloomy Coaſt;
Whilſt angry *Jove* infeſts the Air,
And black with Clouds, deforms the ſullen Year.

VI. Or

VI.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
To live a Borderer on the Sun:
Send me to ſcorching Lands, whoſe Heat
Guards the deſtructive Soil from Humane Feet:
Yet there I'll ſing *Maria*'s Name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, 'midſt the Flame:
Maria's Name! That will create, even there,
A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.

ODE XXII.

Paraphraſtically imitated by Mr. *J. H.*

Never Printed before,

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus, *&c.*

I.

Hence ſlaviſh Fear, thy Stygian *Wings diſplay!*
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapt in thick Clouds, and Shades of Night
To conſcious Souls direct thy Flight!
There brood on Guilt, fix there a loath'd Embrace,
And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,
Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,
Thy viſionary Tribe, thy black and monſtrous Race.
Go, haunt the Slave that ſtains his Hands in Gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd Mind, and wrack the Uſurer more
Than his Oppreſſion did the Poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble Wretches! you prepare
The glitt'ring Forgery of War;

The poiſon'd Dart, the Parthian *Bow, and Spear*
Like that the warlike Moor *is wont to wield,*
Which pois'd and guided from his Ear
He whirls impetuous thro' the Field:
In vain you brace the Helm, and heave in vain the Shield,
He's only ſafe, whoſe Armour of Defence
Is adamantine Innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps *he go,*
(Vaſt Mountains of eternal Snow)
Or where fam'd Ganges *and* Hydaſpes *flow;*
If o'er parch'd Africk's *deſart Land,*
Where threatning from afar,
Th' affrighted Traveller
Encounters moving Hills of Sand;
No Senſe of Danger can diſturb his Reſt;
He fears no human Force, nor ſavage Beaſt,
Impenetrable Courage ſteels his manly Breaſt.

IV.

Thus late within the Sabine *Grove*
While free from Care, and full of Love
I raiſe my tuneful Voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of my ſelf and Way,
A grizly Wolf with glaring Eye
View'd me diſarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer Monſter ne'er in queſt of Food
Apulian *Forreſts did moleſt;*
Numidia *never ſaw a more prodigious Beaſt:*
Numidia, *Mother of the tawny Brood;*
Where the ſower Lyon ſhakes his brinded Mane,
And roars aloud for Prey, and ſcours the ſpacious Plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft Breeze of Summer Wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd Soil unbind:
Where no intruding Warmth e'er durſt invade,
But Winter holds his unmoleſted Seat
In all his hoary Robes array'd,
And rattling Storms of Hail, and noiſie Tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching Blaze,
Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays;
Where Houſe nor Cottage e'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted Plant or Tree, nor ſpringing Green.
Yet (lovely Lalage!) *my generous Flame*
Shall ne'er expire, I'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the Muſick of thy Name,
And guarded by the Gods of Love and Poetry.

ODE XXVIII.

Imitated by Mr. *PRIOR.*

Te Maris & Terræ, numeroque carentis Arenæ
Menſorem, cohibent, *Archyta*, &c.

Printed in Mr. Prior's *Poems*, Page 135.

SAY, deareſt *Villiers*, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus ſuddenly muſt end;
Say, what did all thy buſie Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole did'ſt Sail,
E'er on thy Chin the ſpringing Beard began
To ſpread a doubtful Down, and promiſe Man?

What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning dawn to loud Alarms;
And march 'till Close of Night in heavy Arms:
To scorn the Summer's Suns, and Winter's Snows;
And search thro' every Clime thy Country's Foes?
That thou might'st Fortune to thy Side ingage,
That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona*'s Rage;
And *Anna*'s Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age?
In vain we know that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To hasten or protract th'appointed Hour.
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis-led by Chance,
Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance;
Peoples great *Henry*'s Tombs, and leads up *Holben*'s Dance.

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage;
For neither *William*'s Pow'r, nor *Mary*'s Charms
Could or repel or pacifie his Arms.
Young *Churchill* fell as Life began to bloom;
And *Bradford*'s trembling Age expects the Tomb.
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Respite for the Learned Head.
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mecænas, *Sackville*, *Socrates*, and *Hyde*.
And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journies, which their Sires have led.
The antient Sage, which did so long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths he had in store,
Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.

And

And modern *Af*—— *l*, whoſe capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the Darts of Death.
Some from the ſtranded Veſſel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some who eſcape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and ſink into a Grave.
In Journies, or at home, in War or Peace;
By Hardſhips many, many fall by Eaſe.
Each changing Seaſon does its Poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the Winter; Agues blaſt the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act ſubſervient to the Tyrant's Pow'r;
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-ſtone, or a Hair can kill.
For reſtleſs *Proſerpine* for ever treads
In Paths unſeen o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the ſpacious Land and Liquid Main
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain;
Variety of Deaths confirm her endleſs Reign.
On curſt *Piava*'s Banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire Warrant to the riſing Flood;
Then, whom I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal Speed was urging his Return;
In his dear Country to diſperſe his Care,
And arm himſelf by Reſt for future War:
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promiſe to their Joys his elder Years.
Oh! Deſtin'd Head! and oh! Severe Decree!
Nor native Country thou, nor Friend ſhalt ſee;
Nor War haſt thou to Wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and inſtant Doom!

Hark!

Hark! The imperious Goddeſs is obey'd,
Winds murmur, Snows deſcend, and Waters ſpread!
Oh! Kinſman, Friend!——Oh! Vain are all the Cries
Of humane Voice! Strong Deſtiny replies;
Weep you on Earth, for he ſhall ſleep below;
Thence none return, and thither all muſt go.
Who e'er thou art, whom Choice or Buſineſs leads
To this ſad River or the neighbouring Meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the deery Shoars
To find the Object which this Verſe deplores;
Cleanſe the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Heroe graceful in a Grave,
The only Honour he can now receive;
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
And plant the Warriour Laurel o'er his Brow;
Light lye the Earth, and flouriſh green the Bough.
So may juſt Heav'n ſecure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domeſtick Strife:
And when th'infernal Judge's diſmal Power,
From the dark Urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathleſs thou
And Pale ſhalt lye, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind Friend the piteous Object ſee,
And equal Rites perform to that which once was thee.

ODE XXIX.

Translated by Mr. W. Duncombe.

To Iccius a Philosopher.

Horace *upbraids him with his Intention to quit his Book, and the Study of Philosophy, for a Military Life, out of an avaricious Temper.*

ICCIUS, whose Breast th' *Arabian* Gold inspires,
From Lusts of happy Wealth, with Martial Fires;
Who boldly now designs to take the Field,
Against *Sabæan* Kings, unknowing yet to yield;
And proudly meditat'st the sullen *Mede*,
Thy Slave in Chains triumphantly to lead.
What Captive Dam'sel shall thy Will obey.
For Husband slain, and own thy sov'reign Sway?
What spruce and courtly Youth, with Plaited Hair,
Shall at thy Board the brimming Goblet bear;
Skilful from his Hereditary Bow,
With sinewy Force the *Parthian* Shaft to throw?
Who will deny, that Rivers may ascend,
And *Tyber*'s rapid Current backward bend?
When you, who promis'd better things, prepare
A Captain's Equipage, and seek the War:
And change *Panætius* Books, with Care procur'd,
And *Xenophon* and *Plato*, for the Sword.

ODE

ODE XXXI.

By Mr. J. H.

Never Printed before.

Quid Dedicatum, &c.

WHilſt the rich ſparkling Juice I ſacrifice,
'Tis not a Bribe to tempt the Deities.
I ask not Heaven the plenteous Crops of Corn
In rich Sardinia's *fat Encloſures born;*
Not the large Flocks Calabria's *Mountains feed,*
Nor numerous Herds its teeming Vallies breed;
Not th' Ivory Teeth rear'd under Aſian *Pines,*
Nor Gold nor Gems that ſleep in Indian *Mines;*
Nor verdant Plains where ſilent Lyris *flows,*
And deals its fatning Moiſture as it goes.
Where Fortune blindly has beſtow'd her Vines,
Let ſuch prepare and drink the racey Wines;
Let the rich Merchant who can rule the Seas,
And of the Gods buy proſperous Voyages,
Let him exchange his precious Gums and Spice,
And coſtly Balms for Wine to feed his Vice,
Let him in luſcious far-fetch'd Dainties rowl,
Pour endleſs Floods into his golden Bowl,
And drink the Pleaſure to his inmoſt Soul.
Give me a wholſom Sallad from the Fields,
Such homely Fare as Nature frankly yields;
Add to this frugal Life but Health and Senſe,
I ask no greater Things of Providence.
Only thou God of Numbers and the Lyre,
Do thou my Muſick and my Verſe inſpire,
And when this ſnowy Head is chill'd with Age,
Still in my Breaſt preſerve thy Sacred Rage.

ODE

ODE XXXIII.

By the same Hand.

Never Printed before.

Albi, ne doleas, &c.

Mourn not, Tibullus, *if some Younger Charms*
Have drawn your perjur'd Mistress from your Arms;
'Tis not your Fate alone: The brightest Maid
That Rome *can boast, is by her Love betray'd,*
And pines that Cyrus *makes unkind Returns,*
Whilst for a Nymph less fair and kind he burns.
But sooner shall fierce Wolves with Kids conspire,
Than rigid Phloe *grant his lewd Desire,*
Or melt before the Boy's unlawful Fire.
Thus do the hard unfeeling Powers above
Match the rough Vulture to the softer Dove,
And make a cruel Sport of Mortals Love.
Even I, tho' nobler Virgins court my Bed,
Am yet bewitch'd to Love a Chamber-Maid:
Myrtale, *rougher than the boisterous Waves,*
Has Charms enough to make poor Poets Slaves.



HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE II.

Imitated by Mr. *PRIOR.*

Written in the Year 1692.

Printed by J. Tonſon *in Folio.*

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lye
In the lethargick Sleep, the ſad Repoſe,
By which thy cloſe, thy conſtant Enemy,
Has ſoftly lull'd thee to thy Woes?
Or wake degenerate Iſle, or ceaſe to own
What thy old Kings in *Gallick* Camps have done;
The Spoils they brought thee back, the Crowns they won.
William, ſo Fate requires, again is arm'd;
Thy Father to the Field is gone;
Again *Maria* weeps her abſent Lord;
For thy Repoſe content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
When *William* fights, dare they look tamely on,
So ſlow to get their ancient Fame reſtor'd,
As not to melt at Beauty's Tears nor follow Valour's Sword?

II. See

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
Her vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:
The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
Her Lions roaring by her Side, her Arrows in her Hand:
And blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field.
Henceforth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous Toil and active War:
To march beneath the Dog-star's raging Heat,
Patient of Summer's Drought, and martial Sweat;
And only grieve in Winter's Camps to find
Its Days too short for Labours they design'd:
All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch,
All Day to mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach;
And all the rugged Paths to tread
Where *William* and his Virtue lead.

III.

(a) Silence is the Soul of War;
Deliberate Counsel must prepare
The mighty Work which Valour must compleat:
Thus *William* rescu'd, thus preserves the State;
Thus teaches us to think and dare:
As whilst his Canon just prepar'd to breath
Avenging Anger and swift Death,
In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
And now too late the dying Foe
Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow.

So

(a) *Est & fideli tuta Silentio Merces*, &c.

So whilſt in *William*'s Breaſt ripe Counſels lye,
Secret and ſure as brooding Fate,
No more of his Deſign appears
Than what awakens *Gallia*'s Fears.
And (tho' Guilt's Eye can ſharply penetrate)
Diſtracted *Lewis* can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coaſts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
Lo the impending Storms begin!
Britannia ſafely thro' her Maſter's Sea
Plows up her victorious Way.
The *French Salmoneus* throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilſt the *True Thunderer* aſſerts the Main!
'Tis done, to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire.
Swift Victory in vengeful Flames,
Burns down the Pride of their preſumptuous Names:
They run to Shipwrack, to avoid our Fire,
And the torn Veſſels that regain their Coaſt,
Are but ſad Marks to ſhew the reſt are loſt.
All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,
And *William*'s Softer Half ſhakes *Lewis*' Throne.
Maria does the Sea command,
Whilſt *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land:
So, the Sun abſent, with full Sway the Moon
Governs the Iſles, and rules the Waves alone;
So *Juno* thunders, when her *Jove* is gone.
Io Britannia! Looſe thy Ocean's Chains,
Whilſt *Ruſſel* ſtrikes the Blow thy Queen ordains:
Thus reſcu'd, thus rever'd, for ever ſtand,
And bleſs the Counſel, and reward the Hand,
Io Britannia! thy *Maria* reigns.

V. From

V.

(a) From *Mary*'s Conquests, and the rescu'd Main,
Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,
And boast her Joy for *William*'s Death no more,
He lives, let *France* confess the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of *Lewis* many Wives,
Who by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Had long inthrall'd him in her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high,
Cast around her mournful Eye,
And with prophetick Sorrow cry:
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lyon's generous Rage:
The ravenous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight:
As Lewis *to unequal Arms defy*
Yon Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory.
Just triumphing o'er Rebel Rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.
See! All yon dusty Fields quite cover'd o'er
With hostile Troops, and Orange *at their Head,*

Orange

(a)——*Illum ex Mœnibus hosticis,*
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta Virgo
Suspirit, Eheu! Ne rudis Agminum
Sponsus lacessat Regius asperam,
Tectu Leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

Orange *deſtin'd to compleat*
The great Deſigns of lab'ring Fate.
Orange! *The Name that Tyrants dread:*
He comes! Our ruin'd Empire is no more:
Down, like the Perſian, *goes the* Gallick *Throne;*
Darius *flies, young* Ammon *urges on!*

VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingled Heat,
(*a*) Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty Wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe Retreat:
Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
For the vile Privilege to breath,
To live with Shame in dread of glorious Death,
In vain; for Fate has Swifter Wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſticks him in the Rear:
Dying and mad the Tyrant bites the Ground,
His Back transfix'd with a diſhoneſt Wound;
Whilſt thro' the fierceſt Troops and thickeſt Preſs,
Virtue carries on Succeſs;
Whilſt equal Heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd Brave,
And Armies cannot hurt, whom Angels ſave.

VII.

(*b*) Virtue to Verſe immortal Luſtre gives;
Each by the other's mutual Friendſhip lives:

Æneas

(*a*) *Dulce & decorum eſt pro Patriâ mori,*
Mors & Fugacem proſequitur Virum,
Nec parcit imbellis Juventæ,
Poplitibus timidoque Tergo.
(*b*) *Virtus Repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ*
Intaminatis fulget Honoribus
Nec ponit aut ſumit Secures
Arbitrio Popularis Auræ.

Æneas ſuffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's Thought;
Or *Virgil*'s Majeſty, and *Homer*'s Rage,
Had ne'er, like laſting Nature, vanquiſh'd Age:
Whilſt *Lewis* then his riſing Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,
Whilſt hid in arm'd Retreats, and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour free,
He bribes cloſe Murder againſt open War:
In vain you *Gallick* Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd Verſe to keep his Fame alive;
Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raiſe
On the weak Baſis of the Tyrant's Praiſe:
Your Songs are ſold, your Numbers are prophane,
'Tis Incenſe to an Idol giv'n,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus*' Man,
That had no Soul from Heav'n.
Againſt his Will you chain your frighted King
On Rapid *Rhine*'s divided Bed,
And mock your Hero, whilſt you ſing
The Wounds for which he never bled;
Falſhood does Poiſon on your Praiſe diffuſe,
And *Lewis*' Fear gives Death to *Boileau*'s Muſe.

VIII.

On its own Worth true Majeſty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own Reward,
With ſolid Beams, and native Glory bright,
She neither Darkneſs dreads, nor covets Light;
True to her ſelf, and fix'd to inborn Laws,
Nor ſunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applauſe,
She from her ſettled Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death, a Priſon or a Crown.

When,

When, bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey;
Whilſt one good Man buoy'd up her ſinking State;
And Virtue labour'd againſt Fate:
When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
And all was Conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind:
When Storms let looſe and raging Seas,
Juſt ready the torn Veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm;
Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,
And dazling Proſpect of a promis'd Crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn Virtue down;
But againſt Charms, and Threats, and Hell he ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then had no Trophies juſtify'd his Fame,
No Poet bleſs'd his Song with *Naſſau*'s Name,
Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out the *King*,
As when he at the Altar ſtood,
In all his Types and Robes of Power;
Whilſt at his Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maeze*, and *Boyne*'s victorious Flood
(For each had mix'd his Waves with Royal Blood)
When *William*'s Armies paſt, did he retire,
Or view from far the Battel's diſtant Fire?
Could he believe his Perſon was too dear?
Or uſe his Greatneſs to conceal his Fear?
Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntleſs Hero move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's Juſtice, and his People's Love,
Thro' the firſt Waves he wing'd his ventr'ous Way,

And on the adverſe Shore aroſe
(Ten thouſand flying Deaths in vain oppoſe)
Like the Great Ruler of the Day
With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Seas.
Like him all Day he toil'd; but long in Night
The God had eas'd his weary'd Light,
E're Vengeance left the ſtubborn Foes,
Or *William*'s Labours found Repoſe.
When his Troops falter'd, ſtept not he between;
Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again;
Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still, as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful Courſe, and brought her bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the Boldeſt fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier, All —— ?
His Danger ſuch, as with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read;
And were not they the Only Days that e'er
The pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friend's Advices, or his Subject's Pray'r?

X.

Where-e'er Old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vaſſal's Tributary Urns;
To *Belgia*'s ſav'd Dominions and the Sea,
Whoſe righted Waves rejoice in *William*'s Sway,
Is there a Town, where Children are not taught,
Here Holland *proſper'd, for here* Orange *fought,*
Thro' rapid Waters, and thro' flying Fire,
Here ruſh'd the Prince, here made whole France *retire.*
By different Nations be this Valour bleſt,
In different Languages confeſs'd,
And then let *Shannon* ſpeak the reſt;

Let

Let *Shannon* ſpeak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conqueſt on his hov'ring Arms did wait,
And only ask'd ſome Lives to bribe her o'er.
The Godlike Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt ſent back the ſpecious Bait,
And ſcorning Glory at a Price too great,
With ſo much Power ſuch Piety did join,
As made a perfect Virtue ſoar
A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted *Shannon*'s Waves o'er thoſe of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only ſhare
The proſp'rous Fruits of his indulgent Reign,
His Enemies approve the pious War,
Which with their Weapons takes away their Chain.
More than his Sword his Goodneſs ſtrikes his Foes,
They bleſs his Arms, and ſigh they muſt oppoſe:
Juſtice and Freedom on his Conqueſts wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that he is great:
Succeeding Times ſhall with long Joy contend,
If he were more a Victor, or a Friend:
So much his Courage and his Mercy ſtrive;
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes that have fought your Country's Cauſe,
Redreſs'd her Injuries, or form'd her Laws,
To my advent'rous Song juſt witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the pious Muſe, and hear her ſwear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But ſolid Story, and ſevereſt Truth,
That *William* treaſures up a Greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can boaſt.

(*a*) And

(a) And all that ancient Stock of Fame
He did from his Fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with Intereſt back;
And in his Conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd Rays of fainter Light:
Above or Envy's Laſh, or Fortune's Wheel,
That ſettled Glory ſhall for ever dwell;
Above the rolling Orbs and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall dye.

XIII.

Where roves the Muſe? Where, thoughtleſs to return,
Is her ſhort-liv'd Veſſel born?
By potent Winds too ſubject to be toſt?
And in the Sea of *William*'s Praiſes loſt!
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore,
Where our abandon'd Youth ſhe ſees,
Shipwrack'd in Luxury and loſt in Eaſe;
Whom not *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
Nor *William*'s exemplary Virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er the King can yet forgive
Their guilty Sloth; their Homage yet receive,
And let their wounded Honour live:
But ſure and ſudden be their juſt Remorſe,
Swift be their Virtue's Riſe, and ſtrong its Courſe.
(b) For tho' for certain Years and deſtin'd Times,
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;

(a) *Virtus recludens immeritis mori,*
Cœlum, negatâ tentat Iter Viâ,
Cœtuſque vulgares & Udam,
Spernit Humum fugiente Pennâ.
(b) —— *Sæpe* Dieſpiter
Neglectus inceſto addidit Integrum
Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum
Deſervit Pede Pœna Claudo.

Tho' *Jove* seem'd negligent of human Cares,
Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails:
Fate its great Ends by slow Degrees attains,
And *Europe* is redeem'd, and *William* Reigns.

ODE III.

Æquam memento, &c.

In the Third Miscellany, Page 181.

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
However Fortune change the Scene!
In thy most Dejected State,
Sink not underneath the Weight;
Nor yet, when Happy Days begin,
And the full Tide comes rowling in,
Let a fierce unruly Joy
The settled Quiet of thy Mind destroy:
However Fortune change the Scene,
Be calm, my Delius, *and serene!*

II.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
Whether with busie Cares oppress,
You wear the sullen Time away;
Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest
You sometimes give a Day;

Carelessly

Carelesly laid,
Underneath a friendly Shade
By Pines and Poplars mixt Embraces made;
Near a River's sliding Stream
Fetter'd in Sleep, bless'd with a Golden Dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much envied State,
Let every Blessing on thee wait;
Bid the *Syrian Nard* be brought,
Bid the hidden Wine be sought,
And let the Rose's short-liv'd Flower,
The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
Flourish on thy Brow:
Enjoy the very, very now!
While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the fatal Sisters spin.

IV.

A little hence, my Friend, and thou
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of *thine:*
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides
Silver *Tyber* gently glides!
Thy pleasant Houses; all must go,
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too;
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give th'imprison'd Monarch Liberty.

V.

Nor matters it, what Figure here
Thou dost among thy Fellow-mortals bear;
How thou wert born, or how begot,
Impartial Death matters it not:

With what Titles thou doſt ſhine,
Or who was firſt of all thy Line:
Life's vain Amuſements! amidſt which we dwell,
Not weigh'd, nor underſtood, by the grim God of Hell.

VI.

In the ſame Road (alas!) All travel on!
By all alike, the ſame ſad Journey muſt be gone!
Our blended Lots together lye,
Mingled in one common Urn,
Sooner or later out they fly:
The fatal *Boat* then wafts us to the Shore,
Whence we never ſhall return
Never——Never more!

ODE IV.

Imitated.

The Lord *G*—— to the E. of *S*——.

Ne ſit Ancillæ, tibi Amor Pudori, &c.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant Earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *B*——*le* the Brown;
But publickly eſpouſe the Dame,
And ſay *G*——— *d*——— *the Town.*

II.

Full many Heroes fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply ſmitten been,

Al-

Although right good Commanders,
Some who with you have *Hounſlow* ſeen,
And ſome who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not baſe *Greber's Pegg* inflame
The ſober Earl of *N*————*m*,
Of ſober Sire deſcended,
That careleſs of his Soul and Fame
To Play-Houſes he Nightly came,
And left Church undefended?

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Height,
Who rules the Roaſt with matchleſs Might,
Since *William* went to Heaven;
Loves *Maintenon*, his Lady bright,
Who was but *Scarron's* Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn,
At grizly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler Kin
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large, her Choice had ſhe,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which ſhe with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph ſo virtuous, be
Of Baſe-born Blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek and roguiſh Eye,
Her ſlender Waſte, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;

But, Faith, tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking,

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhall hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of Five and Forty.

ODE IV.

Engliſhed by Mr. DUKE.

Printed in the Firſt Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 168.

BLuſh not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move;
Achilles once the fierce, the brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmeſſa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conqueror;
Great *Agamemnon*, when Succeſs
Did all his Arms with Conqueſt bleſs;
When *Hector*'s Fall had gain'd him more
Than Ten long rolling Years before;
By a bright captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midſt of Triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty Line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,
No Common Cauſe could draw ſuch Tears;

Thoſe

Thoſe Streams ſure that adorn her ſo
For loſs of Royal Kindred flow:
Oh! Think not ſo divine a Thing
Could from the Bed of Commons ſpring;
Whoſe Faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid Gain,
Was never born of any Race
That might the nobleſt Love diſgrace.
Her blooming Face, her ſnowy Arms,
Her well-ſhap'd Leg, and all her Charms,
Of her Body, and her Face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not Love the youthful Rage
From *Horace*'s declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty Years,
All his Flames and all thy Fears.

To his Friend Captain CHAMBERLINE;

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine *Prize at Sea.*

In Alluſion to the Fourth ODE.

By Mr. YALDEN.

In the Third Miſcellany, Page 228.

I.

'TIS no Diſgrace (brave Youth) to own
By a fair Slave you are undone:
Why doſt thou bluſh to hear that Name,
And ſtifle thus a generous Flame?
Did not the Fair *Briſeis* heretofore
With powerful Charms ſubdue?

What, tho' a Captive, ſtill ſhe bore
Thoſe Eyes that Freedom cou'd reſtore,
And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles*, bow:

II.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in Arms,
Did yield to bright *Tecmeſſa*'s Charms:
And all the Laurels he had won,
As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.
When beautiful in Tears he view'd the mourning Fair,
The Hero felt her Power:
Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,
Her ſofter Looks he cou'd not bear,
Proud to become her Slave, tho' late her Conqueror.

III.

When *Beauty* in Diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs Charm it bears:
In every *Breaſt* does pity move.
Pity, the Tender'ſt Part of Love,
Amidſt the Triumphs great *Atrides* ſhew'd
Unto a weeping Maid:
Tho' *Troy* was by his *Arms* ſubdu'd,
And *Greece* the bloody Trophies view'd,
Yet at a Captive's Feet the imploring Victor laid.

IV.

Think not, thy charming Maid can be
Of a Baſe Stock, a Mean Degree;
Her Shape, her Air, her every Grace,
A more than *vulgar Birth* confeſs.
Yes, yes, my Friend, with *Royal Blood* ſhe's great;
Sprung from ſome Monarch's Bed;
Now mourns her Family's hard Fate,
Her mighty Fall and abject State,
And her illuſtrious Race conceals with noble Pride.

V. Ah!

V.

Ah! think not an ignoble Houſe
Cou'd ſuch a Heroine produce;
Nor think ſuch generous ſprightly *Blood*,
Cou'd flow from the Corrupted Crowd;
But view her Courage, her undaunted Mind
And Soul with Virtues crown'd:
Where dazling Int'reſt cannot blind,
Nor Youth, nor Gold Admittance find,
But ſtill her Honour's fix'd, and Virtue keeps its Ground.

VI.

View well her great Majeſtick *Air*,
And modeſt Looks divinely fair:
Too bright for Fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy nobleſt Love.
But yet ſuſpect not thy officious Friend;
All jealous Thoughts remove:
Tho' I with youthful Heat commend,
For thee I all my Wiſhes ſend,
And if ſhe makes thee bleſt, 'tis all I ask of Love.

ODE V.

Imitated by Mr. *B. H.*

Never before Printed.

I.

WHY *ſo impatient, tell me why,*
To pluck the Roſe before 'tis blown?
Why ſo intent within her Arms to lye?
As yet the Seeds of Love are ſcarcely ſown.
Nature han't taught her yet the Art
T'exchange the Bliſs, and play an equal Part.

Nor are her Shoulders fit to bear
The Weight of Love, when it once faſtens there;
She'd rather wanton in a Stream,
Or in the flow'ry Meadows play,
As yet not conſcious of a Flame,
But that which ſcorches her, the Day.

II.

Awhile your Importunities delay,
Time will diſcloſe the hidden Treaſure,
Then with a juſt Conſent you may
Take the Poſſeſſion of the Pleaſure.
Already ſhe reveals her Flame,
The God of Love is big within her:
Her Words, her Eyes, her every thing proclaim
How fain ſhe'd be a Sinner.
See with what fervent Heat ſhe preſſes,
As if ſhe'd challenge your Addreſſes.
See how the Bluſhes fly from ev'ry Part
And ſoftly tell the Dictates of her Heart,
Nor is it all ſo ſtrange and new,
Nature ſupplies the Strength ſhe takes from you.

III.

The ſprightly Nymph no longer can conceal,
Her Morning Beauty ſhe's reſolv'd to ſpend
With ſome deſerving Friend,
E'er Death o'er all her Glories draws the Veil.
To tell the Truth, ſhe's exquiſitely fine,
In her the ſcatter'd Rays of Beauty join,
Nature in her has her whole ſelf outdone,
And robs the Sex to Crowd them into one.
Chloris *and* Phillis *ſomething fair,*
Are but as Foils, ſhould they with her compare,

The

The Moon her ſelf when at the Full,
Is in reſpect but gloomy, dark and dull,
Nay pretty Ned's *moſt amorous Grace,*
Can't reach the bright Perfection of her Face,
Tho' to a Miracle ſo neat,
You'd ſwear he were a Cheat.

ODE VIII.

Engliſhed by Mr. DUKE.

In the Firſt Miſcellany, Page 110.

IF ever any injur'd Power,
By which the falſe *Barine* ſwore,
Falſe, fair *Barine*, on thy Head
Had the leaſt Mark of Vengeance ſhed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy Perjury,
I ſhould believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow.
Of all our Youth the publick Care,
Nor half ſo falſe as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead Mother's ſacred Urn,
By Heaven, and all the Stars that ſhine
Without, and every God within.
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does ſmile;
Her Nymphs all ſmile, her little Son
Does ſmile, and to his Quiver run:

Does

Does ſmile, and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee freſh Lovers Hearts.
See all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy Train of Slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,
Tho' oft they threaten to be free;
Tho' oft with Vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn Miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful Mother fears
For her Son's blooming Tender Years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride,
In *Hymen*'s Fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain, by ſtronger Charms,
Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

ODE X.

By Mr. T. B.

Never Printed before.

Rectius vives, *Licini*, &c.

I.

TRuſt me, dear Friend, the ſafeſt way,
To ſteer in Life's inconſtant Sea,
Is not too far to truſt the treach'rous Tide,
Whilſt the ſmooth Waters gently glide;
Nor whilſt the angry Billows roar,
To touch too nigh upon the dang'rous Shore.

II.

He, who within the golden Mean
Confines his ſwelling Paſſions in;

As

As his great Soul disdains the homely Cell
Where humble Poverty doth dwell;
So is his Modesty as great,
To baulk the Envy of a Princely State.

III.

The haughty Pine which proudly shrouds
Its leafy Brow among the Clouds,
Stands still expos'd to each rude Blast of Wind:
Nor can the lofty Tow'rs find,
When the loud Thunder-storms arise,
Any Protection in their Neighbour Skies.

IV.

He who's a Slave to neither State,
Nor shrinks when Poor, nor swells when Great.
For Jove, *the same, who does the Winter bring,*
Will close the frozen Scene again;
When the fair Spring shall soon appear,
In all her Charms to grace the new-born Year.

V.

Tho' now the Clouds seem big with Rain,
Yet fear not, 'twill clear up again.
His Bow Apollo *do's not always bend,*
Nor on wild Beasts his Fury spend;
But sometimes does his Muse inspire
With the soft Accents of his milder Lyre.

VI.

Beware, when Fortune proves unkind,
To keep a steddy well-pois'd Mind;
That, whatsoever Storms appear,
All may be calm and quiet there:
But when with too indulgent Gales
She fills, then gather in your swelling Sails.

ODE X.

By Mr. NORRIS.

Rectius vives, Licini, *&c.*

I.

'TIS much the better way, believe me 'tis,
Not far to venture on the great *Abyss*,
Nor yet (from Storms thy Veſſel to ſecure)
To touch too nigh upon the dangerous Shore.'

II.

The *Golden Mean*, as ſhe's too nice to dwell
Among the Ruins of a filthy Cell,
So is her Modeſty withal as great,
To baulk the Envy of a Princely Seat.

III.

Th'ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine
To ſhock the Grandeur of the ſtately Pine.
The Height of Structure makes the Ruin large,
And Clouds againſt high Hills their hotteſt Bolts diſcharge.

IV.

An Even Well-pois'd Mind, an Evil State
With Hope, a Good with Fear does moderate,
The Summer's Pride by Winter is brought down,
And Flowers again the Conquering Seaſon crown.

V.

Take heart, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,
Tho' now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.
The Bow *Apollo* does not always uſe,
But with his milder Lyre ſometimes awakes the Muſe.

VI. Be

VI.

Be Life and Spirit, when Fortune proves unkind,
And ſummon up the Vigor of thy Mind.
But when thou'rt driven by too officious Gales,
Be wiſe, and gather in the ſwelling Sails.

ODE X.

In the Second Miſcellany, Page 130.

WE muſt all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He ſure doth beſt who a true Mean can keep,
Nor boldly ſails too far into the Deep,
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the Danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,
Who neither ſeeks for, nor deſpiſes Gain,
Who neither ſinks too low, nor aims too high,
He ſhuns th'unwholſom Ills of Poverty;
And is ſecure from Envy, which attends
A ſumptuous Table, and a Crowd of Friends.
Their treacherous Height doth the tall Pines expoſe
To the rude Blaſts of every Wind that blows,
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky;
And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
Serves only then t'encreaſe their Fall the more.
Who wiſely governs and directs his Mind,
Never deſpairs, though Fortune be unkind;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently and hopes again.

And

And if at laſt a kinder Fate conſpires
To heap upon him more than he deſires;
He then ſuſpects the Kindneſs he enjoys,
Takes it with Thanks, but with ſuch Care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once reſume what it beſtow'd before.
He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
Is temper'd equally with Good and Ill.
Fate ſhapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's Fears;
And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
That this ſhall that alternately ſucceed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wiſe,
And bear its Ills without the leaſt Surprize.
The more you are oppreſs'd, bear up the more,
Weather the Tempeſt till its Rage be o'er,
But if too proſperous and too ſtrong a Gale,
Should rather ruffle than juſt fill your Sail,
Leſſen it, and let it take but ſo much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the Courſe deſign'd,
" For 'tis the greateſt Part of Human Skill,
" To uſe good Fortune, and to bear our Ill.

ODE X.

I.

Licinius, would you learn from me
The Arts of living ſafe and free:
Truſt not too far the faithleſs Sea,
Nor treacherous Winds explore;
Nor yet ſolicitous to avoid
The impetuous Ocean's threat'ning Pride,
Your Bark too much as cloſely guide
Along the rocky Shore.

II. Him

II.

Him who the Golden Mean does praiſe,
A ſordid Cottage does not pleaſe,
Nor asks he marble Palaces,
Th' invidious Scenes of State.
Light'ning on Hills, and raging Winds,
Fall fierceſt on the lofty Pines;
And when a mighty Tow'r declines,
More dreadful is its Fate.

III.

The true Philoſophers, who dare,
Thro' both Preſumption and Deſpair,
In Cloudy Fortune hope; in Fair
Expect a changing Sky;
The ſame Almighty Sov'reign Powers,
That Storm to Day in frightful Showers,
To-Morrow are more kindly ours,
And lay their Thunder by.

IV.

Fair Weather Time and Patience brings,
Sometimes the great *Apollo* ſings,
And ſtrikes his golden ſounding Strings,
Nor always plies his Bow.
Be brave, when boiſterous Fate prevails;
And in her kindeſt Proſperous Gales,
By furling your too-bloated Sails,
The prudent Pilot ſhew.

ODE XII.

By Mr. Glanvil.

Nolis longa ferâ Bella Numantiæ, *&c.*

In the Fourth Miſcellany, Page 203.

I.

URge me no more to write of Martial Things,
Of fighting Heroes, and of conquering Kings:
Our brave Fore-fathers Glory to advance,
Shew Subdu'd *Ireland,* and ſing Vanquiſh'd *France:*
Tell how *Spain*'s Blood the *Britiſh* Ocean ſwell'd,
With Shame invading, and with more repell'd.
No, theſe high Themes of the Heroick Strain,
Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:
To Equal Numbers I'd in vain aſpire,
How ſhou'd I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?
Much leſs dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
Great *Naſſau*'s Wars and Victories profane.
You better may in laſting Proſe rehearſe
Things which defy my humble Verſe.
'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
Such glorious Actions with ſo mean a Style.

II.

Me fair *Lycinia*'s ſofter Praiſe,
Her native Charms, and winning Ways,
The Muſe ordain'd to ſing in gentle Lays.
Me the ſweet Song with *Syrens* Art defies,
Me the ſerenely ſhining Eyes,
And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart,
True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its Part.

Ly-

Lycinia, whose becoming Dance,
With airy Motion does Love's Fire advance,
Whose wanton Wit, wild as her Eyes,
The tickled Mind does pleasantly surprize;
Whose various Arts all our loose Powers alarm,
A Grace each Action, and each Word a Charm.

III.

Ah! When her willing Head she gently bends,
And fragrant Kisses languishingly lends;
When with fond artful Coyness she denies,
More glad to lose, than we to win the Prize;
Or when the Wanton, in a toying Vein,
Snatches the Kiss from the preventing Swain;
Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair
For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear?
Wou'd you exchange for all those favourite Isles
The Sun laughs on, one of her pleasing Smiles?
Wou'd you for both the *Indies* Wealth decline
The hidden Treasures of her richer Mine?
Not I, for such vain Toys I'd ne'er remove,
My Wealth, my Pomp, my Heaven shou'd all be Love.

ODE XII.

To Mecænas.

I.

Dire *Hannibal*, the *Roman* Dread,
Numantian Wars that rag'd so long,
And Seas with *Punick* Slaughter red,
Fit not the softer *Lyrick* Song.

II. Nor

II.

Nor Savage *Centaurs*, mad with Wine,
Nor Earth's enormous rebel Brood,
That ſhook with Fear the Pow'rs divine,
Till by *Alcides'* Arms ſubdu'd.

III.

Better, *Mecænas*, thou in Proſe,
Shalt *Cæſar*'s Glorious Battels tell,
With what bold Heat the Victor glows,
What captive Kings his Triumphs ſwell.

IV.

Thy Miſtreſs all my Muſe imploys.
Licinia's Voice, her ſprightly Turns,
The Fire that ſparkles in her Eyes,
And in her faithful Boſom burns.

V.

When ſhe adorns *Diana*'s Day,
And all the beauteous Choirs advance,
With ſweeteſt Airs, divinely gay,
She ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in the Dance.

VI.

Not all *Arabia*'s Spicy Fields
Can with *Licinia*'s Breath compare,
Nor *India*'s ſelf a Treaſure yields,
To purchaſe one bright flowing Hair.

VII.

When ſhe with bending Neck complies,
To meet the Lover's eager Kiſs,
With gentle Cruelty denies,
Or ſnatches firſt the fragrant Bliſs.

ODE XIV.

Imitated by Mr. CONGREVE.

Eheu Fugaces, *Poſthume, Poſthume,*
Labuntur Anni, *&c.*

In the Third Miſcellany, Page 139.

I.

AH! No, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis:
This Pious Artifice!
Not all theſe Pray'rs and Alms can buy
On Moment tow'rd *Eternity,*
Eternity! That boundleſs Race,
Which *Time* himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an Unweary'd Pace)
Which, when ten Thouſand Thouſand Years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun!
Fix'd are thoſe Limits which preſcribe
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath,
And though thou couldſt for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to ſave thine own;
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Power,
Thy Honours, Titles, all muſt fail,
Where Piety it ſelf does nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Juſt,
Muſt all be huddl'd to the Grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious Slave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in Duſt.

In

In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from Wounds of Arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all thoſe *Arts* we try,
All our Evaſions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! Thou muſt, my Friend,
(The very Hour that thou doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thine End)
Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life,
Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much lov'd Off-ſpring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Carcaſs of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots and Bowers,
Thy coſtly Fruit, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flowers,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave,
Unleſs a Sprig of Roſemary thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave,
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their Tranſitory Maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long expecting Heir
A joyful Mourning wear,

And

And riot in the Waſte of that Eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much Pains to get;
All thy hid Stores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy Captiv'd Gold.
That precious Wine condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Priſons, ſhall again be free,
Buried alive tho' now it lies,
Again't ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling Surface ſhow,
And free as Element, profuſely flow.
With ſuch choice Food he ſhall ſet forth his Feaſts,
That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his Gueſts;
And pamper'd Prelates ſee
Themſelves out-done in *Luxury*.

ODE XIV.

In the Second Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 96.

I.

AH! Friend, the poſting Years how faſt they fly!
Nor can the ſtricteſt Piety
Defer encroaching Age,
Or Death's reſiſtleſs Rage;
If you each Day
A Hecatomb of Bulls ſhou'd ſlay,
The ſmoaking Hoſt cou'd not ſubdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryon*'s Head he ſnatch'd the tripple Crown,
Into th' Infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.
The Prince and Peaſant of this World muſt be
Thus waſted to Eternity.

II. In

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the tempeſtuous Sea.
In vain they take ſuch care
To ſhield their Bodies from Autumnal Air,
Diſmal *Cocytus* they muſt ferry o'er,
Whoſe languid Stream moves dully by the Shore;
And in their Paſſage we ſhall ſee
Of Tortur'd Ghoſts the various Miſery.

III.

Thy ſtately Houſe, thy pleaſing Wife,
And Children (Bleſſings dear as Life)
Muſt all be left; nor ſhalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants one Tree,
Unleſs the diſmal *Cypreſs* follow thee,
The ſhort-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
But the impriſon'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir ſhall ſtrait ſet free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the ſparkling Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* ſhine.

ODE XV.

Imitated by Mr. *CHETWOOD.*

Jam pauca Aratro Jugera, &c.

Printed in the firſt Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 179.

I.

THEN this unwieldly factious Town
To ſuch prodigious Bulk is grown,

It

It on whole Countries ſtands, and now
Land will be wanting for the Plow.
Thoſe Remnants too the Boors forſake,
Frith muſt the Nations undertake.
As in a *Plague* the Fields ſhall *deſart* lye,
Whilſt all Men to the mighty *Peſt-houſe* fly.

II.

If any Tree is to be ſeen,
'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and Ever-green;
Lime-trees, and Plane, for Pleaſure made,
Which for their Fruit bear only *Shade*.
Such as do Female Men content,
With *Uſeleſs* Shew and *Barren* Scent.
The *Britiſh Oak* will ſhortly be as rare,
As Orange trees here once, or Cedars were.

III.

Not by theſe Arts, my Maſters, ſure,
Your Fathers did thoſe Lands procure;
They preferr'd Uſe to empty Shew,
No ſoft'ning *French* Refinemen's knew.
Themſelves, their Houſe, their Table, plain;
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Phyſicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with eaſie Sleep.

IV.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greateſt Store:
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* ſell.
Stately *Cathedrals* they did found,
Whoſe Ruins now deform the Ground:

Churches and Colleges, endow'd with Lands,
Whose *poor Remains* fear Sacrilegious Hands.

ODE XVI.

By Mr. *OTWAY.*

Otium Dives rogat, *&c.*

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 181.

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the Boldest there,
Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Power too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:

Happy the Man with little blest!
Of what his Father left, possest:
No base Desires corrupt his Head,
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain Designs intend?
From Shore to Shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome Self can shun?

For

For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under Sail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the Wind.

If then thy Soul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's Cares away:
In Laughter let them all be drown'd:
No Perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's ſudden Blow,
Another's ling'ring Death comes ſlow;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.

Thy Portion is a Wealthy Stock,
A Fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy Eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.

For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft Content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

ODE XVI.

In the Fourth Miſcellany, Page 209.

I.

WHEN ſtormy Winds begin to riſe,
And Moon and Stars do diſappear;

Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,
Wiſhing himſelf at Quiet here.

II.

For Peace the Soldier takes up Arms,
For Peace he boldly ventures Life:
For that he follows War's Alarms,
Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife.

III.

That Quiet and Content of Mind,
Which is not to be bought or ſold;
Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find
In Heaps of Jewels or of Gold.

IV.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,
Or gilded Roof, or brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

V.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whoſe *All* will juſt himſelf maintain;
His Sleep is not diſturb'd with Fear,
Or broke with ſordid Thirſt of Gain.

VI.

Then why do we, ſince Life's ſo ſhort,
Lay our Deſigns for what's to come?
Why to another Air reſort,
Forſaking this our native Home?

VII.

Trouble will at our Heels be ſtill,
Swift as the Roe-buck, or the Wind;
'Twill follow us againſt our Will,
For none can leave himſelf behind.

VIII. What

VIII.

What does our Wand'ring then avail,
Care will not be forgot or loſt;
'Twill reach us tho' we're under ſail;
And find us on another Coaſt.

IX.

Man, with his preſent State content,
Shou'd leave to Providence the reſt:
Uſing the Time well Heav'n has lent,
For no one's here entirely bleſt.

X.

Achilles yielding ſoon to Fate
Was ſnatch'd from off this mortal Stage;
Tython enjoy'd a longer Date,
And labour'd under ling'ring Age.

XI.

So, if it pleaſe the Fates, you may
Reſign your Soul to ſudden Death;
Whilſt I, perhaps, behind muſt ſtay,
To breathe a longer Share of Breath.

XII.

You round you daily do behold
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;
What bounteous Fortune has beſtow'd
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

XIII.

A little Country Seat by Heaven
Is what's alotted unto me:
A Genius too the Gods have given,
Not quite averſe to Poetry:
And a firm ſteddy Soul, that is above
Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.

ODE XVI.

Imitated in Paraphraſe by Mr. *J. HUGHES.*

In the Sixth Miſcellany, Page 500.

I.

INdulgent Quiet! Pow'r ſerene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious Queen,
Say in what ſolitary Grove,
Within what Rock or winding Cell,
By human Eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated *Druid* doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive Goddeſs! why,
When we thy Manſion wou'd ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,
To mock our vain Reſearch, and from our Wiſhes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
For thee the Gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous Sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
No friendly Moon or Stars appear
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:
For thee the weary Soldier prays,
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
And *Medes*, that wear Majeſtick by their Side
A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious Days,
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With Gems, and Purple Veſts, and Stores of plunder'd Gold.

III. But

III.

But neither boundleſs Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Conſul's Honour'd Gate,
Nor Anti-Chambers with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen Cares, that fly
A-croſs the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Neſts, like Swallows, build
Cloſe to the Palace Roofs and Tow'rs that pierce the Sky.
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt Wants ſupply,
And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in ſome Cottage, far from Noiſe,
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid Luſt of Gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleep deſtroys.

IV.

Vain Man! That in a narrow Space
At endleſs Game projects the darting Spear!
For ſhort is Life's uncertain Race;
Then why, capricious Mortal! why,
Doſt thou for Happineſs repair
To Diſtant Climates, and a Foreign Air?
Fool, from thy ſelf thou can'ſt not fly,
Thy ſelf, the Source of all thy Care.
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious Downs in vain;
The Feather'd Torment ſticks within his Side,
And from the ſmarting Wound a purple Tide
Marks all his way with Blood and dyes the Graſſy Plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies

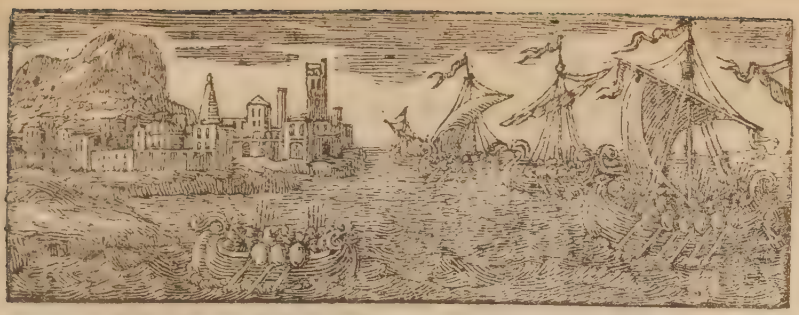
Thick driving Snows, and gather'd Tempests bear;
Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall Vessel's painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the Marching Horsemen rides, [Places yield
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all

VI.

Then since no State's compleatly blest,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay
Enjoy at least the present Day,
And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th'appointed Doom.
Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
That Hero fell by sudden Death,
Whilst *Tython* to a tedious wasting Age
Drew his protracted Breath.
And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
Perhaps unask'd to worthless me
Those Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend
Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining Wealth and plenteous Joys surround;
And all thy fruitful Fields around
Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray,
Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice
Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice, [measur'd way:
Whilst smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift
To me the Stars, with less Profusion kind,
An humble Fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful *Lyrick* Vein,
But a sincere contented Mind
That can the vile malignant Crowd disdain.



HORACE.

BOOK III. ODE I.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Odi Profanum Vulgus, &c.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's *Poems, in Octavo,* Page 751

I.

HENCE, ye Profane, I hate you all,
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native [Whiteneſs hold,
Nor yet diſcolour'd with the Love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look ſo gilded and ſo foul)
To you, ye very few, theſe Truths I tell:
The Muſe inſpires my Song, hark, and obſerve it well.

II.

We look on Men, and wonder at ſuch Odds,
'Twixt things that were the ſame by Birth;
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
Theſe Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods,

The humbleſt Buſh, and proudeſt Oak,
Are but of equal Proof againſt the Thunder-ſtroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r,
Have their ſhort flouriſhing Hour;
And to ſee themſelves and ſmile,
And joy in their Pre-eminence a while;
Ev'n ſo, in the ſame Land,
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs, together ſtand
Alas! Death mows down all with an Impartial Hand

III.

And, all you Men, whom Greatneſs doth ſo pleaſe,
Ye feaſt, I fear, like *Damocles*,
If you your Eyes cou'd upwards move,
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
You wou'd perceive by what a little Thread
The Sword ſtill hangs over your Head.
No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares,
No Mirth or Muſick over-noiſe your Fears;
The Fear of Death would you ſo watchful keep,
As not t'admit the Image of it, *Sleep*.

IV.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait on Palaces,
And yet ſo humble too, as not to ſcorn
The meaneſt Country Cottages;
This Poppy grows among the Corn.
The *Halcyon Sleep* will never build his Neſt
In any Stormy Breaſt:
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkneſs in their Mind;
Darkneſs but half his Work will do;
'Tis not enough, he muſt find Quiet too.

V. The

V.

The Man who in all Wiſhes he does make,
Does only Nature's Counſel take;
That wiſe and happy Man will never fear
The evil Aſpects of the Year,
Nor tremble though Two Comets ſhou'd appear:
He does not look in Almanacks, to ſee
Whether he fortunate ſhall be:
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heavens conjoin,
And what they pleaſe againſt the World deſign,
So *Jupiter* within him ſhine.

VI.

If of your Pleaſures and Deſires no End be found,
God to your Cares and Fears will ſet no bound.
What wou'd content you? Who can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well;
Ye ſtrive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy pleaſe,
But, truſt me, when you've done all this,
Much will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs.

ODE II.

Tranſlated by Mr. J. B.

Never Printed before.

FRiends, let the hardy Youth be train'd in War,
And learn the Gripes of Poverty to bear;
Let him, well-skill'd, the Horſe and Spear command,
So ſhall the barb'rous Parthians *dread his Hand:*

Let him, unſhelter'd, lye on naked Ground,
And bravely Puſh where threat'ning Danger's found;
From hoſtile Walls in heat of Battle ſeen
By the ripe Virgin, and the Tyrant's Queen;
Thus in deſpairing Sighs they will bewail:
Grant, Preſervation may o'er Rage prevail,
And that the Royal Spouſe, in Wars unskill'd,
May not provoke that Lyon of the Field,
Whoſe bloody Ardour ſo tranſcendent grows,
He cuts his way thro' Crowds of ſlaughter'd Foes:
Sweet, and moſt glorious are thoſe Pangs of Death,
When for our Country we reſign our Breath;
With ſwifteſt ſpeed Fate follows him that flies,
And by baſe Wounds behind the Coward dies.
True Sons of Virtue mean Repulſe diſdain,
Nor does their ſhining Honour find one Stain;
Their glorious Minds are ſo ſecurely great,
They neither ſwell, nor ſink at turns of State.
Virtue, to thoſe who ne'er deſerve to Die,
Diſcloſing Scenes of Immortality,
Scorns vulgar Crowds, and ſpurns this humid Clay,
And on ſwift Wing takes to the Skies her Way.
A ſure Reward attends the faithful Mind
In whoſe Recluſes Secrets are confin'd.
That treach'rous Man, whoſe ſcoffing Tongue betrays
Ceres' myſterious Rites, and ſacred Ways,
With Hatred, his loath'd Preſence I'd refrain,
Nor ſhould one Houſe or Ship us two contain.
The Righteous often feel the Stroke of Heav'n,
And ſhare the Fate that to the Wicked's giv'n;
Tho' Vengeance limps, ſhe ſtill will keep in ſight,
And ſeldom fails t' o'ertake the Villain's flight.

ODE III.

Imitated.

By WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*

JUSTUM & tenacem propositi Virum, *&c.*

Printed for J. Tonson *in Folio.*

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

II.

Nor Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets sing.
These were the Paths their Heroes trod;
These Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Nassau* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,

With

With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, *will force its way;*
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Deſign.

V.

The Men whom Selfiſh Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:
But here, a Church for Succour flies,
Inſulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.

VI.

Yes, Britons, *yes, with ardent Zeal,*
I come, the Wounded Heart to heal,
The Wounding Hand to bind:
See Tools of Arbitrary Sway.
And Prieſts like Locuſts, ſcout away
Before the Weſtern Wind.

VII.

Law ſhall again her Force reſume,
Religion clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
With brighter Rays advance,
The Britiſh *Fleet ſhall rule the Deep,*
The Britiſh *Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,*
Strike Terror into France.

VIII.

Nor ſhall theſe Promiſes of Fate
Be limited to my ſhort Date:
When I from Cares withdraw,
Still ſhall the Britiſh *Sceptre ſtand,*
Still flouriſh in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

She ſhall Domeſtick Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags ſhall fight,

Whole

Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She ſhall loſt Italy *reſtore,*
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle ſoar,
And give a King to Spain.

X.

But know, theſe Promiſes are given,
Theſe great Rewards Imperial Heaven
Does on theſe Terms decree;
That ſtrictly puniſhing Mens Faults,
You let their Conſciences and Thoughts
Reſt abſolutely free.

XI.

Let no falſe Politicks confine,
In narrow Bounds, your vaſt Deſign
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a ſufficient Cauſe
To puniſh Men by penal Laws,
For not believing right.

XII.

Rome, *whoſe blind Zeal deſtroys Mankind;*
Rome's *Sons ſhall your Compaſſion find,*
Who ne'er Compaſſion knew.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

XIII.

Theſe Subjects ſuit not with the Lyre;
Muſe! To what height doſt thou aſpire?
Pretending to rehearſe
The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings.
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty things,
By Mean Ignoble Verſe.

ODE III.

In the Sixth Miſcellany, Page 262.

THE Man reſolv'd, and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude Rabble's Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours, and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice defies,
And with ſuperior Greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the red Arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a Falling World.

Such were the Godlike Arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the Bleſt Abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a Place among the Gods:
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies,
And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies:
His ruby Lips the purple Tincture ſhew,
And with immortal Stains divinely glow.

By

By Arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe,
His Tygers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Deſart, and unbroke;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd;
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd,
He tam'd 'em to the Laſh, and bent 'em to the Yok

Such were the Paths that *Rome*'s great Founder trod,
When in a Whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull Mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God:
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled Deities beſpoke.

Troy, ſays the Goddeſs, *perjur'd* Troy *has felt*
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;
The tow'ring Pile and ſoft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hands of Servile Gods,
Now ſpreads its Ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd Woman's impious Luſt,
Lay heavy on her Head, and ſunk her to the Duſt.

Since falſe Laomedon's *Tyrannick Sway,*
That durſt defraud the Immortals of their Pay,
Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage;
Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repell:
To my Reſentments, and Minerva's *Rage,*
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,
The ſoft Adulterer ſhines no more;

No

No more does Hector's *Force the* Trojans *ſhield;*
That drove whole Armies back, and ſingly clear'd the Field.

My Vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To Mars *his Off-ſpring of the* Trojan *Line:*
Advanc'd to God-head let him riſe,
And take his Station in the Skies;
There entertain his raviſh'd Sight
With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light;
Quaff with the Gods immortal Wine,
And ſee adoring Nations crowd his Shrine.

The Thin Remains of Troy's *afflicted Hoſt,*
In diſtant Reamls may Seats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a Foreign Coaſt;
But far be Rome *from* Troy *disjoin'd:*
Remov'd by Seas, from the diſaſtrous Shore,
May endleſs Billows riſe between, and Storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curſt deteſted Place,
Where Priam *lyes, and* Priam's *faithleſs Race,*
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs.
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or whilſt the lonely Shepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty Ruins play,
And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.

May Tygors there, and all the Savage Kind,
Sad ſolitary Haunts and ſilent Deſarts find;
In gloomy Vaults, and Nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmoleſted Lyoneſs
Her brindled Whelps ſecurely lay,
Or couch'd, in dreadful Slumbers waſte the Day.

While TROY *in Heaps of Ruins lyes,*
Rome *and the* Roman *Capitol ſhall riſe;*
Th' illuſtrious Exiles unconfin'd,
Shall triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.

In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
Europe *from* Africk *ſhall divide;*
And part the ſever'd World in two.
Thro' Africk's *Sands their Triumphs they ſhall ſpread,*
And the long Train of Victories purſue,
To Nile's *yet undiſcover'd Head.*

Riches the hardy Soldier ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on Gold with undeſiring Eyes;
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore,
In ſearch of the forbidden Ore;
Thoſe glittering Ills conceal'd within the Mine
Shall lye untouch'd and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt Bounds that Nature ſets,
The piercing Colds and ſultry Heats,
The Godlike Race ſhall ſpread their Arms;
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
'Till Storms and Tempeſts their Purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for Conqueſt underneath the Line.

This only Law the Victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe Conditions ſhall he reign;
If none his guilty Hand employ
To build again a Second *Troy;*
If none the raſh Deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew;

A Curſe there cleaves to the devoted Place,
That ſhall the New Foundations raze: Greece

Greece *shall in mutual Leagues conspire*
To storm the rising Town with Fire;
And at their Army's Head my self will shew
What Juno, *urg'd to all her Rage, can do.*

Thrice shou'd Apollo's *self the City raise,*
And line it round with Walls of Brass,
Thrice should my Fav'rite Greeks *his Works confound,*
And hew the shining Fabrick to the Ground:
Thrice should her Captive Dames to Greece *return,*
And their dead Sons, and slaughter'd Husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to light,
In vain wou'd thy presumptuous Verse
Th' Immortal Rhetorick rehearse;
The mighty Strains, in Lyrick Numbers bound,
Forget their Majesty, and lose their Sound.

ODE III.

AN honest Mind, to Virtue's Precepts true,
Contemns the Fury of a lawless Crew;
Firm as a Rock, he to his Purpose stands,
And thinks a Tyrant's Frowns as weak as his Commands:
Him loudest Storms can't from his Center move,
He braves th' Almighty Thunder ev'n of *Jove*,
If all the Heav'nly Orbs confus'dly hurl'd,
Should dash in Pieces, and should crush the World,
Undaunted, he the mighty Crash would hear,
Nor in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear.

Pollux

Pollux and wand'ring *Hercules* of old,
Were, by ſuch Acts, among the Gods enroll'd.
Auguſtus thus the Shining Pow'rs poſſeſs'd,
By all th' immortal Deities careſs'd:
He ſhares with them in their Ætherial Feaſts,
And quaffs bright *Nectar* with the Heavenly Gueſts.
This was the Path the friſking Tygers trod,
Dragging the Car that bore the Jolly God,
Who fix'd in Heaven his Crown and his Abode.
Romulus by *Mars* through this bleſt Path was ſhewn,
And ſcap'd the Woes of gloomy *Acheron*.
In Virtue's rugged Road he took his way,
And gain'd the Manſions of Eternal Day;
For him ev'n *Juno*'s ſelf pronounc'd a Word,
Grateful to all th' Ætherial Council-Board.

O Ilion, Ilion, *I with Tranſport view*
The Fall of all thy wicked perjur'd Crew!
Pallas *and I have born a rankling Grudge*
To that curſt Shepherd, that inceſtuous Judge:
Nay, even Laomedon *his Gods betray'd,*
And baſely broke the ſolemn Oath he made.
But now the painted Strumpet and her Gueſt
No more are in their Pomp and Jewels dreſt;
No more is Hector *licens'd to deſtroy,*
To ſlay the Greeks, *and ſave his* perjur'd Troy.
Priam *is now become an empty Ghoſt;*
Doom'd, with his Houſe, to tread the Burning Coaſt:
The God of Battel now has ceas'd to roar.
And I, the Queen of Heav'n, purſue my Hate no more.
I now the Trojan *Prieſteſs' Son will give*
Back to his warlike Sire; and let him live

In

In lucid Bow'rs, and give him leave to uſe
Ambroſia, *and the* Nectar's *Heavenly Juice;*
To be inroll'd in theſe ſerene Abodes,
And wear the eaſie Order of the Gods:
In this bleſt State I grant him to remain,
While Troy *from* Rome's *divided by the Main;*
Whilſt ſavage Beaſts inſult the Trojan *Tombs,*
And in their Caves unlade their pregnant Wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans *reign in ev'ry Land,*
And let the Capitol *triumphant ſtand,*
And all the tributary World command.
Let awful Rome *with Sev'n refulgent Heads,*
Still keep her Conqueſts o'er the vanquiſh'd Medes.
With conqu'ring Terror let her Arms extend
Her mighty Name to Shores without an End;
Where midland Seas divide the fruitful Soil,
From Europe *to the ſwelling Waves of* Nile:
Let 'em be greater by deſpiſing Gold,
Than digging it from forth its native Mould,
To be the wicked Inſtrument of Ill.
Let Sword and Ruin ev'ry Country fill,
That ſtrives to ſtop the Progreſs of her Arms;
Not only thoſe that ſultry Sirius *warms,*
But where the Fields in Endleſs Winter lye,
Whoſe Froſts and Snows the Sun's bright Rays defy.
But yet on this Condition I decree
The warlike Romans *happy Deſtiny;*
That when they Univerſal Rule enjoy,
They not preſume to raiſe their Antient *Troy:*
For then all Ugly Omens ſhall return,
And Troy *be built but once again to burn:*
Ev'n I my ſelf a ſecond War will move,
Ev'n I, the Siſter, and the Wife of Jove.

If

If Phœbus' *Harp ſhould thrice erect a Wall,*
And all of Braſs, yet thrice that Work ſhould fall;
Sack'd by my fav'rite Greeks; *and thrice again*
The Trojan *Wives ſhould drag a captive Chain,*
And mourn their Children, and their Husbands ſlain.

But whither wouldſt thou, ſoaring Muſe, aſpire,
To tell the Counſels of the Heav'nly Choir?
Alas! Thou canſt not ſtrain thy weakly Strings,
To ſing in humble Notes ſuch mighty things.
No more the Secrets of the Gods relate,
Thy Tongue's too feeble for a Task ſo great.

ODE VI.

By my Lord Roscommon.

Printed in the Firſt Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 101.

THoſe Ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The Falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble grateful Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they end.

Let

Let *Craſſus'* Ghoſt and *Labienus* tell,
How twice by *Jove's* Revenge our Legions fell,
And with inſulting Pride,
Shining in *Roman* Spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*;
While our Seditious took their part,
Fill'd each *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* Dart.
Firſt, Thoſe flagitious Times
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed;
From which polluted Head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And thro' the ſpurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound 'Prentice to the Wanton Trade;
Ionian Artiſts, at a Mighty Price,
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice;
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtle Baits to lay;
And with an Early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves,
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the common mean Deſign
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or ſnatch in ſome dark Place,
A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when Lovers call:

Hither

Hither a Merchant from the *Streights*,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Fraights,
Or City *Canibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the Fleſh of Heirs:
Convenient Brutes! whoſe tributary Flame
Pays the full Price of Luſt, and gilds the ſlighted Shame.
'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europe*'s Steel.
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long diſputed World at *Zama*'s fatal [Field.

But Soldiers of a Ruſtick Mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound;
And after the Declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours, Next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

ODE VII.

Imitated by Mr. STEPNEY.

I.

DEar *Molly*, why ſo oft in Tears?
Why all theſe Jealouſies and Fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have Patience 'till we've conquer'd *France*,
Thy Cloſet ſhall be ſtor'd with *Nants*;
Ye Ladies like ſuch Plunder.

II.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he ſighs
For thee in lowſy Cabbin:
And tho' the Captain's *Chloe* cries,
'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee riſe———
He will not let the Drab in.

III.

But ſhe, the Cunning'ſt Jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By ſharing Female Bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
She Vows, He ſhall be dubb'd a Knight,
When ſhe is made a Counteſs.

IV.

Then tells of ſmooth young Pages whipp'd,
Caſhier'd, and of their Liv'ries ſtripp'd,
Who late to Peers belonging;

Are

Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, becauſe they would not drudge
To ſave their Ladies Longing.

V.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be
A Colder Cavalier than he,
In all ſuch Love-Adventures:
Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take
Some *Chriſtian* Care, and do not break
Your Conjugal Indentures.

VI.

Bellair! Who does not *Bellair* know?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out, He loves you dearly:
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And ſoft Impertinence and Noiſe,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

VII.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him:
But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale,
Diſcharge the *Jordan* at him.

ODE IX.

By my Lord *RATCLIFF.*

In the Third Miſcellany, Firſt Edition.

HE.

WHile I was Monarch of your Heart,
Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
Each Mortal did with Envy die;
No God but wiſh'd that he were I.

SHE.

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
And vow'd that they did all out-ſhine;
More celebrated was my Name
Than that of the bright *Grecian* Dame.

HE.

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddeſs I adore;
For whom to die the Gods I pray'd,
If Fates wou'd ſpare the charming Maid.

SHE.

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd ſpare the charming *Boy*.

HE.

If I once more ſhou'd wear your Chain,
And take my *Lydia* back again;
If baniſh *Chloe* from my Breaſt,
That you might there for ever reſt.

SHE.

SHE.

Tho' he is charming as a God,
Serene and gay, divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
With you I'd chuſe to live and die.

ODE IX.

Never Printed before.

A Dialogue between HORACE *and* LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome, and no dearer Lover
His Arms about ſo white a Neck did fling,
I flouriſht, look'd as high as any other,
Was happy, bleſt above the Perſian *King.*

LYDIA.

Whilſt with another you fell not in Love,
And yet I yielded not to Chloe's *Fame;*
I flouriſht highly, was renown'd, above
The Foundreſs of the Mighty Roman *Name.*

HORACE.

Now Chloe *rules,* Chloe, *the Charming Fair!*
Who Sings, and Plays ſo finely, muſt controul;
O! I cou'd Dye, ſo that the Fates wou'd ſpare
Chloe, *the dear Remainder of my Soul.*

LYDIA.

For Calais *I burn, he's Young, and Fair,*
With mutual Flames he to my Arms does fly;
So that the Fates the handſome Youth wou'd ſpare,
O! I cou'd twice bow down the Head, and Dye

HORACE.

But, what if Love returning now shou'd lay
A stronger Yoke, restraining each wild Rover?
If fairest Chloe *should be put away,*
And slighted Lydia *come to her old Lover?*

LYDIA.

Tho' he is fairer than the Morning Star,
Thou Light as Cork, more Passionate than the Sea,
Than Adria's *Billows, which so furious are,*
Yet would I chuse to Live and Dye with thee.

CHORUS.

We'll Live, and Love, and Change no more,
We'll Study all endearing Lover's Charms;
We'll do, what none has done before,
We'll Dye together in each other's Arms.

ODE IX.

Englished by another Hand,

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 114.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your Heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a Part;
Unrival'd while my longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender Waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's State,
And thought my self more happy, and as great.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer She
Had ſtol'n your wand'ring Heart away from me;
While *Chloe* ſeem'd not *Lydia* to out-ſhine,
Nor gain'd a Conqueſt that before was mine;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet Embraces ſought.

HORACE.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has ſupply'd your Place,
She charms me with her Muſick and her Face;
To ſave her Life I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my Heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now, the ſweet *Meſſenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give Two Lives, if I had Two to give.

HORACE.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our Hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we ſlight.
If *Chloe* with her Golden Locks ſhould yield,
And baniſh'd *Lydia* ſhou'd regain the Field?

LYDIA.

If ſo, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Leſs to be truſted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he ſo kind, ſo charming, and ſo true;
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd die with you.

ODE IX.

Engliſhed by Mr. DUKE.

Printed in the Firſt Miſcellany, Page 112.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,
I flouriſh'd richer, and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the *Eaſt*.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield;
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd, more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe,
And ev'ry Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual Flames of fierce Deſire;
For whom I twice wou'd die, to ſave
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What if our former Loves return,
And our firſt Fires again ſhou'd burn?

If *Chloe*'s baniſh'd, to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia?*

LYDIA.

Tho' he is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea;
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

ODE XVI.

Paraphraſed by Mr. COWLEY.

Incluſam *Danaen* Turris Ahenea.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's *Poems in* Octavo, Page 759.

I.

A Tower of Braſs, one would have ſaid,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent Maiden-head;
The jealous Father thought he well might ſpare
All further jealous Care.
And, as he walk'd, t'himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how *Venus*' Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept, his Reſt was deep:
But *Venus* laugh'd, to ſee and hear him ſleep:
She taught the am'rous *Jove*
A magical Receipt in Love,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyſhip before.

II.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
His Godhead into Gold he did convert;

No Guards did then his Paſſage ſtay,
He paſs'd with Eaſe, Gold was the Word;
Subtle as Light'ning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold thro' Doors and Walls did pierce;
And as that works ſometimes upon the Sword,
Melted the Maidenhead away,
Ev'n in the ſecret Scabbard where it lay.
The prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did ſpring;
He broke thro' Gates with this Petarr,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar;
The Enſign 'tis at Land; and 'tis the Seaman's Star;

III.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed Deity;
Yet it ſhall never conquer me:
A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And Wiſdom is a Tow'r of ſtronger Braſs,
The Muſes Laurel round my Temples ſpread
Does from this Lightning's Force ſecure my Head;
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, *Ill Fate* and *Death*, have more.

IV.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
The vaſt Xerxean *Army*, I retreat;
And to the ſmall *Laconick* Forces fly,
Which hold the Streights of Poverty.
Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous Summer's Store,

If

If the Mind thirſt and hunger ſtill,
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slave to the Things we too much prize,
We Maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

V.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature underſtood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* beſtows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf, if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his ſhare.
Whatever an Eſtate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord:
But is a Tax illegal and unjuſt,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant *Luſt*.
Much will always nothing be,
To him who much deſires. Thrice happy he,
To whom the wiſe Indulgency of Heav'n,
With ſparing Hand, but juſt enough has given.

Part of the 29th Ode, beginning at Prudens Futuri Temporis Exitum, *&c. paraphras'd.*

By Dr. POPE.

In the Second Miſcellany, Page 233.

THE wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
Future Events, and laugh at Mortals here,
If they to pry into 'em take Delight,
If they too much preſume, or too much fear.

O Man! for thy ſhort Time below,
Enjoy thy ſelf, and what the Gods beſtow:
Unequal Fortunes here below are ſhar'd,
Life to a River's Courſe may juſtly be compar'd:
Sometimes within its Bed,
Without an angry Curl or Wave,
From the Spring-head
It gently glides to the Ocean, its Grave:
Then unawares, upon a ſudden Rain,
It madly overflows the neighbouring Plain:
It plows up beauteous Ranks
Of Trees, that ſhaded and adorn'd its Banks:
Overturns Houſes, Bridges, Rocks,
Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks:
Horror and Death, rage all the Valley o'er,
The Foreſts tremble, and the Mountains roar.

Part of the 29th Ode beginning at Fortuna Sævo læta Negotio, *&c.*

By the late Duke of Buckingham.

FOrtune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
That common Jade, that has not common Senſe;
But fond of Buſ'neſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoils the World's Affairs:
She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the Next Met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a Fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves.

Let

Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to woo her;
Whilſt ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if ſhe offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw things;
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious ſtand,
Than if the Bitch ſtill bow'd at my Command:
I'll marry Honeſty, tho' ne'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind Whore.

ODE XXIX.

Paraphras'd in Pindarique *Verſe; by Mr.* DRYDEN.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable LAWRENCE, *Earl of* ROCHESTER.

In the Second Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 79.

I.

DEſcended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Scepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous Wine,
Whoſe Piercing is for thee delay'd:
The Roſy Wreath is ready made;
And Artful Hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that ſhall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away*;
Make haſte, and leave thy Buſ'neſs and thy Care,
No mortal Int'reſt can be worth thy Stay.

III. Leave

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous Pleaſures of the Great:
Make haſte and come:
Come and forſake thy cloying Store;
Thy Turret that ſurveys, from high,
The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noiſe of *Rome*;
And all the buſie Pageantry
That Wiſe Men ſcorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a looſe, and taſte the Pleaſures of the [Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich to try
A ſhort Viciſſitude, a Fit of Poverty:
A ſavoury Diſh, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat;
Without the Stately Spacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar;
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky;
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;
And ſeeks refreſhing Riv'lets nigh:
The Sylvans to their Shades retire,
Thoſe very Shades and Streams New Shades and [Streams require;
And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the raging [Fire.

VI. Thou

VI.

Thou what befits the new Lord May'r,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has wisely hid from Humane Sight
The dark Decrees of Future Fate;
And sown their Seeds in Depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present Smiling Hour;
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The Tide of Bus'ness, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,
And always in extream.
Now with a Noiseless, Gentle Course,
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous Force,
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down:
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both House and Homested into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Ho-
VIII. [nours mourn.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call *to-day* his own;
He who secure within can say,
To-morrow *do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day*;

Be

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The Joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of Fate are mine.
Not Heaven it ſelf upon the Paſt has Pow'r,
But what has been has been; and I have had my Hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
Does Man, her Slave, oppreſs,
Proud of her Office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs.
Still various, and unconſtant ſtill;
But with an Inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the Wind,
And ſhakes her Wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the Proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd.
Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm:
And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me
Who never ſail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms ariſe, and Clouds grow black;
If the Maſt ſplit, and threaten Wreck;
Then let the greedy Merchant fear,
For his ill-gotten Gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me, ſecure from Fortune's Blows
(Secure of what I cannot loſe)

In

In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſt'ring Roar;
And running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my Safety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek,
And ſee the Storm a-ſhore.

ODE XXIX.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

I.

MÆcenas, Off-ſpring of *Tyrrhenian* Kings,
And worthy of the greateſt Empire's Sway,
Unbind the working Mind a while, and play
With ſofter Thoughts, and looſer Strings;
Hard Iron ever wearing, will decay.

II.

A Piece untouch'd, of old and noble Wine,
Attends thee here; ſoft Eſſence for thy Hair,
Of purple Violets made, or Lillies fair,
The Roſes hang their Heads and pine,
And 'till you come, in vain perfume the Air.

III.

Be not inveigled by the gloomy Shades
Of *Tyber*, nor cool *Amiens* chryſtal Streams,
The Sun is yet but young, his gentle Beams
Revive, and ſcorch not up the Blades.
The Spring, like Virtue, dwells between Extremes.

IV.

Leave fulſome Plenty for a while, and come
From ſtately Palaces, that tow'r ſo high,

And

And ſpread ſo far; the Duſt and Buis'neſs fly,
The Smoke and Noiſe of mighty *Rome*,
And Cares, that on embroider'd Carpets lye.

V.

It is Viciſſitude that Pleaſure yields
To Men, with greateſt Wealth and Honour bleſt,
And ſometimes Homely Fare, but cleanly dreſt,
In Country Farms, or pleaſant Fields,
Clears up a Clowdy Brow, and Thoughtful Breaſt.

VI.

Now the cold Winds have blown themſelves away,
The Froſts are melted into pearly Dews;
The chirping Birds each Morning tell the News
Of cheerful Spring, and welcome Day.
The tender Lambs follow the bleating Ewes.

VII.

The vernal Bloom adorns the fruitful Trees
With various Dreſs: the ſoft and gentle Rains
Begin with Flow'rs to enamel all the Plains.
The Turtle with her Mate agrees:
And wanton Nymphs with their enamour'd Swains.

VIII.

Thou art contriving in thy Mind, what State
And Form becomes that mighty City beſt:
Thy buſie Head can take no gentle Reſt,
For thinking on th' Events and Fate
Of factious Rage, which has her long oppreſs'd.

IX.

Thy Cares extend to the Remoteſt Shores
Of her vaſt Empire, how the *Perſian* Arms;
Whether to *Bactrians* join their Troops; what Harms
From the *Cantabrians*, and the *Moors*,
May come, or the tumultuous *German* Swarms.

X. But

X.

But the wiſe Pow'rs above, that all things know,
In ſable Night have hid the Events and Train
Of future things; and with a juſt Diſdain,
Laugh, when poor Mortals here below,
Fear without Cauſe, and break their Sleeps in vain.

XI.

Think how the preſent thou may'ſt beſt compoſe,
With Equal Mind, and without endleſs Cares.
For the unequal Courſe of State-affairs
Like to the Ocean ebbs and flows,
Or rather like our neigh'bring *Tyber* fares.

XII.

Now ſmooth and gentle thro' her Channel creeps,
With ſoft and eaſy Murmurs purling down;
Now ſwells and rages, threat'ning all to drown,
Away both Corn and Cattel ſweeps,
And fills with Noiſe and Horror Fields and Town.

XIII.

After a while grown calm, retreats again
Into her ſhady Beds, and ſoftly glides;
So *Jove* ſometimes in fiery Chariot rides,
With Cracks of Thunder, Storms of Rain,
Then grows ſerene, and all our Fears derides.

XIV.

He only lives content, and his own Man,
Or rather Maſter, who each Night can ſay,
'Tis well, thanks to the Gods I've liv'd to-day.
This is my own, this never can,
Like other Goods, be forc'd or ſtol'n away.

XV.

And for to-morrow, let me weep or laugh,
Let the Sun ſhine, or Storms or Tempeſts ring,

Yet

Yet 'tis not in the pow'r of Fates a thing
Should ne'er have been, or not be safe,
Which flying Time has cover'd with her Wing.

XVI.

Capricious *Fortune* plays a scornful Game
With human Things, uncertain as the Wind:
Sometimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind:
Throws about Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
At random, heedless, humorous, and blind.

XVII.

He's wise, who, when she smiles, the Good enjoys,
And unallay'd with Fears of Future Ill;
But if she frowns, e'en let her have her Will:
I can with ease resign the Toys,
And lie wrapt up in my own Virtue still.

XVIII.

I'll make my court to honest Poverty,
An Easy Wife, altho' without a Dow'r;
What Nature asks will yet be in my Pow'r;
For, without Pride, or Luxury,
How little serves to pass the fleeting Hour?

XIX.

'Tis not for me, when Winds and Billows rise,
And crack the Mast, and mock the Seaman's Cares,
To fall to poor and mercenary Pray'rs:
For fear the *Tyrian* Merchandise
Should all be lost, and not enrich my Heirs.

XX.

I'll rather leap into the little Boat,
Which without flutt'ring Sails shall waft me o'er
The swelling Waves; and then I'll think no more
Of Ship, or Fraight: but change my Note,
And thank the Gods that I am safe a-shore.



HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE II.

The Praiſe of Pindar.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, *&c.*

I.

PINDAR *is imitable by none:*
The Phœnix Pindar *is a vaſt* Species alone.
Whoe'er but Dædalus *with waxen Wings could fly,*
And neither ſink *too low, nor* ſoar *too high?*
What could he who follow'd *claim,*
But of vain Boldneſs *the unhappy Fame,*
And by his Fall a Sea *to name?*
Pindar's unnavigable Song
Like a ſwoln Flood *from ſome ſteep* Mountain *pours along.*
The Ocean *meets with ſuch a* Voice
From his enlarged Mouth, *as drowns the Ocean's Noiſe.*

II. *So*

II.

So Pindar does new Words and Figures roll
Down his impetuous Dithyrambique Tide,
Which in no Channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither Banks nor Dikes control.
Whether th' Immortal Gods he sings,
In a no less Immortal Strain,
Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.
Each rich embroidered Line,
Which their triumphant Brows around,
By his sacred Hand is bound,
Does all their starry Diadems out-shine.

III.

Whether at Pisa's Race he please
To carve in polish'd Verse the Conqu'rors Images,
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous Song:
Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate
In Words worth dying for he celebrate,
Such mournful, and such pleasing Words,
As Joy to his Mother's and his Mistress Grief affords;
He bids him Live and Grow in Fame,
Among the Stars he sticks his Name:
The Grave can but the Dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the Poet's Power.

IV.

Lo, how th' obsequious Wind, and swelling Air
The Theban Swan does upwards bear
Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid way.
Whilst, alas, my tim'rous Muse
Unambitious Tracks pursues;

Does

Does with weak unballaſt Wings,
About the moſſie Brooks *and* Springs;
About the Trees *new-bloſſom'd* Heads,
About the Gardens *painted* Beds,
About the Fields *and flowry* Meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey *fly,*
And there with humble Sweets *contents her* Induſtry.

ODE V.

Imitated.

Humbly Addreſs'd to His Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentis, &c.

I.

O Born, when Heav'n propitious deign'd to ſmile!
Thou beſt and braveſt Champion of our Iſle!
Too long haſt thou been abſent from our ſight,
Too long unhappy Britons mourn
Thy Slow Return,
And Senates wait to do their Conqu'ring General right.

II.

Return, brave Prince, thoſe radiant Beams reſtore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'dſt its Shore;
For, like the Spring, when thy bright Aſpect's ſeen,
It warms the People darts its Rays,
And all the Land looks ſmiles and all the Sky's ſerene.

III. As

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the South Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
Beyond his wonted and accustom'd Time,
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
And will not from the Shore avert her Face;
But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
Expensive of her briny Tears,
In Hopes to see him reach his Native Clime.
Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe, by thy Presence, Oxen plow the Fields,
And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;
As every Project to our Wish succeeds;
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia*'s Naval Threats is free,
And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy virtuous Deeds.

V.

To thee and to thy chaste Example's due,
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew;
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Punishments come on of Course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* plot?
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Swede*?
If *Marlborough*'s free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in Arms;
And in his Health alone *Britain*'s from Danger freed.

VII. Be

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll safely spend our days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flow'rs raise;
Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows and many Bumpers crown'd;
While we to Royal *Anna*'s join thy Name,
With the same Rev'rence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in Ancient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor*'s or *Alcides*' deathless Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince! For so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving-Feasts,
Extend them to an endless Round of Years;
Or make one Holiday of Time;
'Till thou Cœlestial Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.

These are our Day-break Wishes when a-thirst we wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers take.

Tibi summe Rheni *Domitor, Parens Orbis,*
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt Urbes. Mart. L. ix.

ODE VII.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE Snows are melted all away,
The Fields grow flow'ry, green and gay,
The Trees put out their tender Leaves,
And all the Streams that went astray,
The Brook again into her Bed receives.

See! The whole Earth has made a change,
The Nymphs and Graces naked range
About the Fields, who shrunk before
Into their Caves. The empty Grange
Prepares its Room, for a new Summer's Store.

Lest thou should'st hope Immortal things,
The changing Year instruction brings,
The fleeting Hour, that steals away
The Beggar's Time, and Life of Kings,
But ne'er returns them, as it does the Day.

The Cold grows soft with Western Gales,
The *Summer* over *Spring* prevails,
But yields to Autumn's fruitful Rain,
As this to *Winter Storms* and Hails;
Each Loss the hasting Moon repairs again.

But we, when once our Race is done,
With *Tullus* and *Anchises'* Son
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To Dust and Shades, without a Sun,
Descend, and sink in deep Oblivion's Flood,

Who

Who knows, if the kind Gods will give
Another Day to Men that live
In hope of many distant Years,
Or if one Night more shall retrieve
The Joys thou losest by thy idle Fears?

The pleasant Hours thou spend'st in Health,
The use thou mak'st of Youth and Wealth,
As what thou giv'st among thy Friends,
Escapes thy Heirs, to those the Stealth
Of Time and Death, where Good and Evil ends.

For when that comes, nor Birth, nor Fame,
Nor Piety, nor honest Name,
Can e'er restore thee. *Theseus* bold,
Nor chaste *Hippolitus* could tame
Devouring Fate, that spares nor Young nor Old.

ODE VII.

By another Hand.

In the Second Miscellany, Page 128.

Winter's dissolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
How Grass the Ground, how Leaves their Branches grace.
That Earth which wou'd not to the Plough-share yield,
Is softer now, and easie to be till'd.
And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th'approaching Sun,
With whisp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flow'ry Meadows nimbly bound;

The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
The Seaſons, treading on each other's Heels,
The winged Hours that ſwiftly paſs away,
And ſpitefully conſume the ſmiling Day,
Tell us, that all things muſt with them decay.
The Year rolls round us in a conſtant Ring,
And ſultry Summer waſtes the milder Spring;
Whoſe hot Meridian quickly over-paſt,
Declines to *Autumn*, which, with bount'ous haſte,
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddenly is croſt,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Froſt.
The Moon renews its Orb, to ſhine more bright;
But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
With us alas, 'tis ever ever Night!
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
And the brave Souls of Vanquiſh'd Hero's ſee.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
Will ſuffer thee to live another Day?
Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.
When among Crowds of Ghoſts thou ſhalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canſt plead, can the paſt Doom recal.
Diana, tho' a Goddeſs, cannot take
Her chaſte *Hippolitus* from *Lethe*'s Lake.
Pirithous bound in Fetters muſt remain,
Theſeus no more can break his adamantine Chain.

ODE IX.

By Mr. STERNEY.

Printed in the First Miscellany, Page 175.

I.

VErses immortal as my Bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling String:
When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleasing Harmony.
All Poets are by their Blind Captain led:
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious Pride
To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged Head)
Yet *Pindar*'s rolling dithirambick Tide
Hath still this Praise, That none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does *Stesicorus* his Tongue
Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from ev'ry Verse does flow:
Still *Sappho*'s Strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her Sex to Love.

II.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair
More than *Hellen* did insnare;
Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
And wond'ring, melted to Desire.
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew
To direct Arrows from the bended Yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.

Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?
Was *Hector*, that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No; others bury'd in Oblivion lye,
As silent as their Grave,
Because no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deserved Immortality.

III.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
Are levell'd in th' impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Musick by,
And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lye;
Unless my Songs begin and end with you,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your Happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyass'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits prevail.
You with a gen'rous Honesty despise
What all the Meaner World so dearly prize:
Nor does your Virtue disappear,
With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year:
Others, like Comets, visit and away;
Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no Decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an Eternal Day.

IV. We

IV.

We barbarouſly call them bleſt,
Who are of Largeſt Tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling Coffers break their Owner's Reſt.
More truly happy thoſe who can
Govern that little Empire, *Man*;
Bridle their Paſſions and direct their Will
Thro' all the glit'ring Paths of charming Ill;
Who ſpend their Treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
Who in a Fixt Unalterable State,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And ſcorn alike her Friendſhip and her Hate.
Who Poyſon leſs than Falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe Life ſo dear:
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their Country's Love with their Departing Breath.

ODE IX.

By Mr. *MANNING.*

Liſetta, why ſo wond'rous Coy,
When Youth invites to Pleaſure?
Think you that Love's a Laſting Joy,
That one may taſte at leiſure?

Conſider better, I adviſe,
The Queſtion I am ſtating;
That *Beauty fades, Occaſion flies,*
While you're the Point debating.

Tho' now inſenſible as fair,
And all my Vows diſdaining,
You take Delight in my Deſpair,
And mock my fond Complaining:

When Age ſhall ſeize you yet a Maid;
And all thoſe lovely Treſſes,
Where *Cupid* ſits in ambuſcade,
And ſcatters thouſand Graces,

Shall fall defenceleſs from your Head,
And Love his Camp remove;
Thoſe ſparkling Eyes look ſunk and dead,
That now ſo fatal prove:

When that Vermilion on your Face,
That does the Roſe outvy,
To deadly Paleneſs ſhall give place,
And loſe its Crimſon Dye.

Then (mark me) as the faithful Graſs
The diſmal Change betrays,
You'll cry, *How mad was I to paſs*
So ill my youthful Days!

But oh, too late my Fault I own,
(None can paſt Youth renew)
I'm ever deſtin'd to bemoan
The Joys I never knew.

ODE XIII.

Never before Printed.

I.

Long have my Pray'rs slow Heav'n assail'd,
But Thanks to all the Pow'rs above,
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love;
Lyce, *at last they have prevail'd.*
Now full amends by Heav'n is made,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That sees thy former Sins with hasten'd Age repaid?

II.

Thou'rt Old, and yet by awk'ard Ways dost strive
Th' unwilling Passion to revive;
Dost Dance, and Drink, and Thrum upon thy Lyre,
And all to catch some silly Country Squire.
Alas! in Chloe's *Cheeks Love basking lies,*
Chloe, *great Beauty's fairest Prize,*
Chloe *that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.*

III.

The vig'rous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;
For Love, like other Gods, disdains
To grace the Shrine, that Age has once profan'd;
He too Laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;
How shou'd his youthful Fires agree with hoary Age's Snow?

IV.

In vain with wond'rous Art, and mighty Care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair,
No far-fetch'd Silks one Minute can restore
What Time has added to the endless Score.

No, precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright
They shine with their own Native Light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance thy Night.

V.

Ah me! where's now that Mein! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that ev'ry Grace!
That Colour! whose enchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led?
Strange turn of Fate, that she
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor me, [be.
Now, thro' the just Revenge of Time, stol'n from her self should

VI.

Time was when Lyce's *pow'rful Face*
To Phillis *only gave the Place;*
Perfect in all those little Tricks of Love,
Which Charm the Senses, and the Fancy move;
But Fate to Phillis *a long Reign deny'd,*
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride:
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
Now the great Business of thy Life is done,
Review'st with Grief what Trophies thou hast won,
Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,
And tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might Laugh to see that glaring Light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

HORACE.

EPODE I.

By Mr. *CHETWOOD.*

Printed in the First Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 183.

I.



HEN you, *Mecænas*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
Expose your selves to the rough Main,
And *Cæsar*'s threat'ning Danger meet,
Whilst in ignoble Ease I'm left behind,
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind.

II.

Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
Are tasteless all, now you are gone,
Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
And in full Courts I seem alone.
The Relish you to my Enjoyments give,
And *Life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

III.

Then shou'd I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my Hand?

Yes,

Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread ſcorch'd *Africk*'s treacherous Sand.
And I perhaps cou'd fight, or ſuch as I,
At leaſt, inſtead of better Men, cou'd die.

IV.

You'll ſay, what are my Pains to you?
I'm not for War and Action made:
Bid me my humble Care purſue,
Seek Winter-Sun and Summer-Shade:
Whilſt both your great Example, and Commands,
Require more Active and Experienc'd Hands.

V.

If you ſay this, you never knew
Friendſhip, the nobleſt Part of Love;
What for her Fawn can th'Old One do,
Or for her young the timorous Dove:
They're more at Eaſe, tho' helpleſs, being near;
And Abſence, ev'n in Safety, cauſes Fear.

VI.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your Favour I would take:
But don't what's ſaid on *Virtue's Score*,
For *ſervile Flattery* miſtake.
No City Palace, or large Country Seat,
I ſeek, nor aim ſo low as to be great.

VII.

I never lik'd thoſe reſtleſs Minds,
Which by mean Arts with mighty Pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Winds*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind Heav'n aſſures me I ſhall ne'er be poor,
And *Oſ——n* be damn'd to encreaſe his Store.

EPODE II.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Printed in the Second Part of Miscellany Poems, Page 84.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a Quiet Country Life!
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in Better Ages born,
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal Field of Corn)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,
To Servile Salutations runs:
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy Branches in their stead:
Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares,
Of Virgin-Honey, in the Jars.

Or in the now Declining Year,
When bount'ous *Autumn* rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And cluſt'ring Grapes with Purple ſpread.
The Faireſt of his Fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy Rewards:
Sylvanus too his Part deſerves,
Whoſe Care the Fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Graſs he lies;
No God of Sleep he need invoke.
The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes:
The Wind that whiſtles thro' the Sprays,
Maintains the Conſort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native Lays
The golden Sleep prolong.
But when the Blaſt of Winter blows,
And hoary Froſt inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear:
Or ſpreads his ſubtle Nets from Sight,
With twinkling Glaſſes to betray
The Larks that in the Marſhes light;
Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſie Joys,
No anxious Care invades his Health,
Nor Love his Peace of Mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing Wife,
To eaſie the Buſ'neſs of his Life,

Divides with him his Houſhold Care,
Such as the *Sabine Matrons* were,
Such as the Swift *Apulian*'s Bride;
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy tho' ſhe be,
Will Fire for Winters Nights provide,
And without Noiſe will overſee
His Children and his Family;
And order all things 'till he come,
Sweaty and over-labour'd, home;
If ſhe in Pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy Store,
With Wine to drive away the Cold,
And unbought Dainties of the Poor.
Not Oyſters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My ſober Appetite would wiſh,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fiſh
That rolling Tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly Diſh:
Not *Heathpowt*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phaſis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleaſing Morſels wou'd afford
Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,
That keep the looſen'd Body ſound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the juſt Guardian of my Ground.
Amidſt theſe Feaſts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd ſmiles to ſee
His Flocks returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his Oxen ſweating Smoke,
Bear on their Necks the looſen'd Yoke;

To look upon his menial Crew,
That ſit around his chearful Hearth,
And Bodies ſpent in Toil renew
With wholeſome Food and Country Mirth.
This *Morecraft* ſaid within himſelf;
Reſolv'd to leave this wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own.
He call'd his Mony in:
But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former Shelf,
And put it out again.

EPODE II.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Printed in his Poems, Page 720.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow
With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow!
Like the firſt golden Mortals, happy he,
From Buſineſs and the Cares of Money free!
No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;
From all the Cheats of Law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous, marriageable Vine
He to the luſty Bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound;
Sometimes he ſheers his Flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treaſures of the Bee.
He ſees his lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
Whilſt neighb'ring Hills low back to them again;

And when the Season, rich as well as gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see
Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree?
Of which large Shares, on the glad Sacred Days,
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
By him a River constantly complains,
The Birds above rejoice with various Strains,
And in the solemn Scene their Orgies *keep,*
Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep;
Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the Gate.
Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
Or sullen Jove, *all Sports to him deny.*
He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air:
Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar;
Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
To intercept the travelling Fowl is set.
And all his Malice, all his Craft is shown
In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.
This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
From thee the great One, Tyrant Love, from thee;
And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife
Be added to the Blessings of this Life,
Such as the ancient Sun-burnt Sabins *were,*
Such as Apulia, *frugal still, does bear,*
Who makes her Children and the House her Care,
And joyfully the Work of Life does share,

Nor

Nor thinks her self too noble, or to fine,
To pin the Sheep-fold, or to milch the Kine;
Who waits at Door againſt her Husband come,
From Rural Duties, late, and weary'd home:
Where ſhe receives him with a kind Embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face;
And fills the Bowl up to a homely Lord,
And with Domeſtick Plenty loads the Board.
Not all the luſtful Shell-fiſh of the Sea,
Dreſs'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,
Nor Ortalans, *nor* Godwits, *nor the reſt*
Of coſtly Names, that glorifie a Feaſt,
Are at the Princely Tables better Cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here,

EPODE XV.

To his Perjur'd Miſtreſs.

By Mr. T. YALDEN.

Nox erat, & Cœlo fulgebat Luna Sereno, &c.

IT was one Evening, when the riſing Moon
Amidſt her Train of Stars diſtinctly ſhone:
Serene and calm was the inviting Night,
And Heav'n appear'd in all its Luſtre bright:
When you, *Neæra*, you, my Perjur'd Fair,
Did to abuſe the Gods and me prepare:
'Twas then you ſwore——Remember, faithleſs Maid,
With what endearing Arts you then betray'd;

Re-

Remember all the tender things that paſt,
When round my Neck your willing Arms were caſt;
The circling *Ivies*, when with *Oaks* they join,
Seem looſe, and coy, to thoſe fond Arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, *this ſolemn Vow, believe*
The nobleſt Pledge that Love and I can give:
Or if there's ought more ſacred here below,
Let that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.
If e'er my Breaſt a Guilty Flame receives,
Or covets Joys but what thy Preſence gives;
May ev'ry injur'd Power aſſert thy Cauſe,
And Love avenge his Violated Laws:
While cruel Beaſts of Prey infeſt the Plain,
And Tempeſts rage upon the faithleſs Main:
While Sighs and Tears ſhall liſt'ning Virgins move,
So long, ye Pow'rs, will fond Neæra *love.*

Ah faithleſs Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid!
Are thus my Vows and gen'rous Flame repaid?
Repeated Slights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and ſtill been wrong'd the more.
Why do I liſten to that *Syren*'s Voice,
Love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to Guilty Joys!
Thy fatal Eyes my beſt Reſolves betray,
My Fury melts in ſoft Deſires away:
Each Look, each Glance, for all thy Crimes attone,
Elude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,
Unleſs I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,
Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.

At length I'll loath each proſtituted Grace,
Nor court the Leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;
But ſhew with Manly Rage, my Soul's above
The cold Returns of thy exhauſted Love.
Then thou ſhalt juſtly mourn at my Diſdain,
Find all thy Arts, and all thy Charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilſt I, with nobler Flames purſue
Some Nymph as fair, tho' not unjuſt as you;
Whoſe Wit and Beauty ſhall like thine excell,
But far ſurpaſs in Truth, and Loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my Rival art,
That fondly boaſts an Empire o'er her Heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant Prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my Victories;
Unenvy'd now o'er all her Beauties rove,
Enjoy thy Ruin and *Neæra*'s Love:
Tho' Wealth and Honour grace thy nobler Birth,
To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith:
Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue join,
T' enrich thy Mind, and make thy Form divine:
Yet bleſt with endleſs Charms, too ſoon you'll prove
The Treacheries of falſe *Neæra*'s Love.
Loſt, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful Fair,
Like me you'll love, be injur'd, and deſpair;
When left th' unhappy Object of her Scorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the Victor mourn,
Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my Turn.



HORACE.

BOOK I. SATYR I.

By *Mr.* HORNECK.

WHence is't, *Mæcenas*, that so few approve
The State they're plac'd in, and incline to rove;
Whether against their Will, by Fate impos'd,
Or by Consent and prudent Choice espous'd?
Happy the Merchant! the old Soldier cries,
Broke with Fatigues, and warlike Enterprize.
The Merchant, when the dreadful Hurricane
Tosses his wealthy Cargo on the Main,
Applauds the Wars and Toils of a Campaign.
There an Engagement soon decides your Doom,
Bravely to die, or come victor'ous home.
The Lawyer vows the Farmer's Life is best,
When, at the Dawn, the Clients break his Rest.
The Farmer having put in Bail t'appear,
And forc'd to Town, cries they're happiest there:
With Thousands more of this inconstant Race,
Would tire *Fabius* to relate each Case.

Not

Not to detain you longer, pray attend
The Iſſue of all this; ſhould *Jove* deſcend,
And grant to ev'ry Man his raſh Demand,
To run his lengths with a neglectful Hand;
Firſt, Grant the haraſs'd Warrior a releaſe,
Bid him go trade, and try the faithleſs Seas,
To purchaſe Treaſure and declining Eaſe.
Next call the Pleader from his learned Strife,
To the calm Bleſſings of a Country Life:
And, with theſe ſep'rate Demands, diſmiſs
Each Suppl'ant to enjoy the promiſs'd Bliſs,
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Tho' proffer'd to be happy from above.
Were it not juſt that *Jove*, provok'd to Heat,
Should drive theſe Triflers from the Hallow'd Seat,
And unrelenting ſtand when they intreat?

But not to paſs this Subject as in jeſt,
Tho' ſerious Truths may with a Smile be dreſt;
As your indulgent Maſters uſe to teach
Their hum'rous Scholars the firſt Parts of Speech;
Soothing with Plumbs and Cakes th'unpleaſant Noiſe,
And ſoft'ning the harſh Lines with that Diſguiſe.

Now to be grave. The Farmer's early Care,
The Vintner's Craft, the Sold'ers ſcanty Fare,
The Sailor's Shocks by Sea, and Change of Air,
Center in this, *To quit the Stage at laſt,*
And reap the Harveſt of their Labours paſt.
Vainly propoſing to themſelves, when gain'd
An Eaſy Competence, they'll ſtop their hand:
Taking their meaſure from the Emmet's Toil,
Who rakes from ev'ry Stack to heap the Pile,
Appriz'd and wary of the Future Ill.

Who

Who when *Aquarius* bodes the Seaſon's Change,
Safe in his Hoards, he's never known to range;
When neither Solſtice Heat, or Winter Froſt,
Swords, Fire, the Sea's united Hoſt,
Can check your raging Luſt of Gain,
'Till equal to the Beſt in Wealth and Train.

What profits burying ſo much Coin and Plate,
Fearful to loſe, if it ſhould circulate?
But you'll reply, If once a Bag is broke,
It dwindles, and inſenſibly goes off.
But if you never leſſen the vaſt Store,
You're ſtill amidſt theſe golden Mountains poor.
What if a Thouſand Quarters of threſh'd Wheat
Lye on your Floors, you more than I can't eat;
And all can but ſuffice your Appetite:
Juſt as the Slave who's loaded with the Sack,
Shares no more Bread than the Unfurniſh'd Back.
Or pray convince me, where's the odds 'twixt one
Who, within narrow Bounds confin'd, has ſown
His Fifty Acres, and the Man who ploughs
Thouſands with greedy Hands, and empty Vows?
Ay, but 'tis pleaſant, from the Full-pil'd Heap,
To draw at leaſure, and full Garners keep,
Whilſt we with Care muſt leſſen what we reap.
Why ſhould your Granaries be valu'd more
Than my poor Basket with its Humble Store?
As if when Thirſt does but one Glaſs require,
I ſhould in ſpacious Floods abate the Fire,
And not with leſſer Goblets quench Deſire.
To him they're odly bigger in conceit,
Like thoſe who much prefer to what is fit.
When the ſwift *Aufid* by Land-floods ſupply'd,
Rolls Banks with looſen'd Trees along the Tide,

He

He that can live on Nature's ſlender Meal,
Drinks the pure *Nectar* of the neighb'ring Well,
Nor truſts his Fortune on a Faithleſs Keel.

But moſt, impos'd on by a Vicious Taſte,
Fancy their Treaſures never ſwell too faſt,
For as the World goes, all the Court that's ſhewn,
Is in Proportion to the Wealth you own.
What wou'd you ſay to ſuch? They're free
To live ſo, ſince they like the Slavery.
As one at *Athens* miſerably rich,
Anſwer'd their Satyrs with this careleſs Speech:
The People hiſs me, but I clap my ſelf,
When I entrench'd at home, count o'er my Pelf.

The thirſty *Tantalus*, amidſt the Floods,
Striving to quench his Drought———
But why a Simile I beg you? Change the Name,
The Story fits you, and you're juſt the ſame;
Whilſt ſnatching at your Bags you Slumbers ſteal,
Thinking it Sacrilege to break the Seal:
And in reality no more poſſeſs,
Than Pictures you admire, but not careſs.

Perhaps thou art ignorant of what uſe
Thy Mony is, and that is thy Excuſe:
Buy Bread and Herbs, and a brisk Charge of Wine,
To theſe ſome other Neceſſaries join,
Without which languid Nature muſt decline.
Is't pleaſant, think you, to be hourly ſcar'd?
Jealous of Thieves, and of your Houſhould Guard,
Leſt they ſhould ſtrip you, and file off unheard.
If theſe are the ſole Bleſſings which await
The Miſer's Life, grant me the Meaneſt Fate!

You'll

You'll urge perhaps a Cold may ſeize your Head,
Or Chronique Caſe confine you to your Bed,
Then your Wealth's uſeful to procure a Friend,
A Nurſe to chafe, Phyſicians to attend
The Criſis, and reſtore you in the end.
But ſtill your Wife and the expecting Heir,
Think ev'ry Minute long 'till you expire,
And all your Neighbours ſecond the Deſire.
Don't wonder, when you prize your Gold above
All Friends, you meet with ſuch indiff'rent Love.
If by no Marks of Bounty you retain
Kindred and Friends, you act as much in vain,
As if you'd teach an Aſs t'obey the Rein.

Ceaſe now, at laſt, thus rich, to covet more,
When there's ſo little Fear of being poor,
Learn to be eaſy, and renounce all Claim
To Further Wealth, when you have got your aim.
Not like *Umidius*, who, the Story ſays,
Meaſur'd his Money, but withal ſo baſe,
That he went always cloathed like a Slave,
Dreading to ſtarve before he reach'd the Grave:
But a Virago of his Family
Eas'd with an Ax his Fears, and ſet him free.

What do y'adviſe me? To turn Prodigal,
And by Debauches quickly run out all?
You preſs a Character ſo oppoſite,
As with my frugal one will ne'er unite.
No: But when I your ſordid Temper blame,
I'd neither have you ſquander Wealth or Fame.
'Twixt two Extremes there is a Golden Mean,
Which to this Side or that muſt never lean;

If once thoſe narrow Boundaries are croſt,
Our Notions of what's right and juſt are loſt.
But to reſume the Point;

Is it not ſtrange that none are really bleſt
More than the Niggard, but as void of Reſt,
Thinking another's Fortune ſtill the beſt.
Pine 'cauſe their Neighbours Cattle hourly thrive,
And full ſtretch'd Dugs a Larger Shower give;
Diſdain to ſize among the Middle Sort,
But ſtrive to mount o'er this great Man at Court;
Whilſt ſtill there's one more pow'rful in Sway,
O'ertakes them in their Courſe, and blocks their Way:
As when Two Char'ots from the Bars releas'd,
The hindmoſt Driver preſſes on his Beaſt,
'Till, paſt his Rival, he commands the Plain,
And in Deriſion holds a ſportive Rein.

From this Inconſtancy we rarely find,
One that has liv'd agree'ble to his Mind,
Contented with the Years he has poſſeſs'd,
Retires without Diſturbance from Life's Feaſt,
And drops aſleep like a Well-ſated Gueſt.

Not one Word more, leſt you ſhou'd think I've ſtole
A tedious Leſſon from blind *Criſpin*'s Roll.

SATYR I.

Imitated by a young Gentleman at *Cambridge*.

Printed in the Sixth Miſcellany, Page 475.

——Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
Eſſe opus omnino, quæ demant quer que dolorem,
Delicias quoque uti multas ſubſternere poſſint, *&c.*
——Nil noſtro in corpore gazæ
Proficiunt, neque nobilitas, neque gloria regni:
Quod ſupereſt animo quoque nil prodeſſe putandum eſt.
Lucret. Lib. 2.

MY Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring Thought,
We thus neglect what once with Care we ſought?
That none can eaſie, none content can live,
With what their Reaſon choſe, or Fate would give?
Each brainſick Hum'riſt likes his Neighbours Road,
And, ſince he goes it not, perverſly thinks it good.
The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,
And broke with long Fatigues in conſtant Wars,
Curſes the ſtarveling Honours he has got,
And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.
The Merchant, trembling, whilſt the rowling Seas
Toſs the charg'd Barque, and riſque his future Eaſe,
Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,
A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;
Whoſe Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:
In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.
The harraſs'd Lawyer thinks the Peaſant bleſt,
When early Clients interrupt his Reſt,
And with impert'nent Fears his downy Hours moleſt.

The lab'ring Peaſant, whom vexatious Law,
And dread Subpœnas *to the City draw,*
Extols each Pleaſure of the gawdy Town,
Where he no Labour feels, no irkſome Toil has known.
'Twere vain the differing Wiſhes to rehearſe,
Or ſow'r with Diſcontents each jarring Verſe:
Not all could be expreſt by Fabius' *Tongue,*
Tho' fam'd for ſpeaking nought, and pleading long.
But leſt, like him, I, with cenſorious Rhime,
Should treſpaſs on your Thoughts, or waſte your Time,
Hear to what ſpeedy Iſſue I the Cauſe
Will bring, and try it by impartial Laws.
Suppoſe ſome God, mov'd with our conſtant Grief,
Order'd each Malecontent his wiſh'd Relief:
Do thou, who hat'ſt Campaigns, a Seaman be;
And thou a Soldier, who condemn'ſt the Sea;
The Lawyer to his fancy'd Eaſe retire;
And the rude Hind to courtly Joys aſpire:
Hence, hence depart with chearful Looks, and bleſs
The pitying Pow'r, that gave your Griefs redreſs,
Chang'd the Decrees of Fate to fix your Happineſs.
What? Silent? Do you then ſo ſoon repeal
What eager Warmth purſu'd with ſo much Zeal?
Can nought your idle Diſcontents appeaſe?
Can nought your troubled Souls your reſtleſs Fancies pleaſe?
Come, chearful what the Gods beſtow receive;
'Tis Man's Part to poſſeſs, the Gods can only give:
What? Hum'riſts ſtill? And do you thus embrace
The tender Deity's abounding Grace?
What Arts can ſcreen this Folly? What ſhall move
The future Favours of deluded Jove?
Well may his ſlighted Mercy ſcorn your Pray'rs,
Laugh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;

Bid you be Wretches ſtill, ſince you refuſe
What Man could ne'er deſerve, what none but you abuſe.
But leſt you think this writ in ſportive Mood,
To raiſe your Fancy, not to make you Good:
And yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth
May not become the gayeſt Smiles of Youth:
'Tis thus the Miſtreſs, after fruitleſs Pains,
With little Arts the wayward Infant gains;
Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taſte,
Inſinuates the Leſſon with the Feaſt,
And makes the Bitter kindly reliſh, and digeſt.
But to be ſerious, and theſe Trifles quit,
The eaſie Off-ſpring of luxuriant Wit,
What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,
Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave?
What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts
Increaſe the Juice the bounteous God imparts;
Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her Reign
Too narrow for their vaſt Deſires of Gain?
With one Conſent they make this joint Reply;
'Tis future Cares our preſent Thoughts employ:
When trembling Limbs and ſtiffen'd Nerves preſage
The ſad Approaches of a helpleſs Age;
What then ſhall aid us, if the timely Care
Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burden bear,
And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year?
Thus with fam'd Providence the ſlender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,
Whilſt the fair Seaſon laſts, and laviſh'd Grain
Profuſely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Induſtriouſly his little Garner fills,
And the Proviſions for his Winter ſteals;
Grateful, he takes what the Occaſion grants,
And with the preſent Waſte ſupplies his future Wants.

'Tis true; but when the Winter sharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beast lives wanton on his hoard,
And what with anxious Care his prudent Foresight stor'd.
Not so with thee, whose raging Thirst of Gold,
Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,
Can e'er abate; and yet thy only Care
Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.
Whence then these monstrous Fears, that dare presume
To violate the common Mother's Womb,
And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treasures Tomb?
What Fruit, what Int'rest can'st thou thence receive?
What kind return should injur'd Nature give?
Or change her Course to make her En'my thrive?
" But if hard Times should break upon my Hoard,
" Or Folly squander what my Prudence stor'd;
" The rest too flies, and mould'ring sinks away,
" Leaving its Master to deserv'd Decay.
But say, supposing it untouch'd, and whole,
Whence spring the Charms, that move thy ravish'd Soul?
What Beauty can'st thou in its Grossness find,
To please thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?
What? tho' thy Barns are full, and Purse commands
The various Products of ten thousand Lands?
Tho' lusty Nature lavishes her Pow'r
To meet thy Wish, and multiply thy Store?
Tho' teeming Provinces their Harvests join
To swell thy Treasures? Where's the vast Design?
Thy Stomach rioting at the plenteous Feasts,
No more than mine can hold, no more digests.
As if amongst the Hinds, with friendly Care,
Thou the Provisions of the rest should bear;

Thou

Thou couldſt not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,
A greater Portion than thy Fellows eat,
Who careleſs walk'd at eaſe, nor felt the galling Weight:
Or tell me freely, when the eaſie Mind
Can live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;
Where is the diff'rence to conſidering Men;
To plough ten thouſand Acres, or but ten?
" *But then 'tis ſweet to view the ſmiling Stores,*
" *And crowd the diſtant Joys of future Hours*
" *Into one Moment's Thought, and make them preſent ours.*
" *'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happineſs,*
" *To be poſſeſſing ſtill, and know we always ſhall poſſeſs:*
" *To take from Heaps that——*" *What? thou can'ſt but have*
What common Appetites of Nature crave:
And if my earthen Jarr, with meaſur'd Grain,
Can thoſe in Pleaſure, and in Health maintain;
I would not richer be, I want no more,
That Ægypt *is to me, 'tis* Africk's *fruitful Shore.*
'Twere Madneſs ſure, if thirſty Nature's want
One Glaſs could eaſe, one Bottle could content;
To cry, the boundleſs Ocean's Depths explore
To quench my Thirſt, nor ſtarve my fancy'd Pow'r,
Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store.
Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,
And Fancy, not our Reaſon, holds the Scale;
The angry Auf'idus *ſwells his foaming Streams,*
And ſhows the Moral of the Miſer's Dreams;
Devouring all, he marks his waſteful Way,
And bears the yielding Banks and thoughtleſs Wretch away.
When he, whoſe thoughts, contented, ne'er aſpire,
Nor ſwell beyond what preſent Wants require;

Fears not, reclining o'er the moſſy Side,
The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide,
Nor ſpoils himſelf the Streams, which pure, which peaceful glide.
He wiſely views, how all around him ſmile,
The Plants not wither'd, nor too rank the Soil:
How Nature's equal Care does each maintain
In proper Beauty, by a frugal Rein;
Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,
And flouriſhes alike with Nature's other Cares.

But ſtill, the blinded World with Scorn regards
That Indolence, which theſe Reſults rewards;
And raviſh'd with a tawdry tinſel'd Dreſs,
For that alone each God they anxious preſs,
That is their only Wiſh, that they can only bleſs:
Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,
And meaſure virtuous Worth by great Extent of Pow'r.
What ſhall we do then, ſince no Hellebore,
No Reaſon can the willing Mad reſtore?
Ev'n let 'em ſtill continue in their Dreams,
Debauch their Fancies with the ſoothing Themes;
'Twere vain and hopeleſs to preſume Succeſs,
Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Redreſs.
At Athens *liv'd a Wretch, Sordid and Old,*
Poſſeſſing nothing, but poſſeſs'd by Gold.
Him the inſulting Mob, with Taunts aſſail'd,
Jeer'd as he paſs'd, or hiſt, and loudly rail'd,
Hence with the hideous Monſter's baleful Sight,
Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's deſpight;
Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies Reign,
And kindred Monſters fill the diſmal Scene;

Unfit

Unfit for us, or Life——By Chance repriev'd,
Got home, and from the publick Fury ſav'd,
He thus reflects——Well Fools hiſs on, and threat,
Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate,
Shall theſe ſmall Blaſts my ſteddy Barque o'erſet?
'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my Views,
A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought purſues;
Thou, thou my darling Gold, reign'ſt Monarch here,
The deareſt Object of my Hope and Fear:
Whilſt thou art guarded ſafe from Inſults free,
Let them wreak all their Bolts, waſte all their Shafts on me,
Not all their Threats my ſtedfaſt Soul ſhall move,
In Death I'll taſte thy Sweets and revel with my Love;
Puſh my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,
Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.
Poor Tantalus *the ſwelling Flood ſurveys,*
That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirſt appeaſe.
Why ſmil'ſt thou, Ignorant? Thou art that Curſt,
That Wretch, who dy'ſt with everlaſting Thirſt;
And what the Fable draws in ſhort, is near
Shewn in full length by thy Example here.
Thou art the real Tantalus, *whoſe Sleep's*
Broke with diſtemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps,
Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice reaps:
Who baſely deify'ſt what bounteous Heav'n
Deſign'd thy uſeful Slave, a Bleſſing giv'n;
Yet thou pervert'ſt its Uſe, mak'ſt it thy Lord,
As Jove *again was to that Form reſtor'd,*
Irradiated its Beams, and lighten'd from thy Hord:
As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,
A taſteleſs Pleaſure, and an empty Shade;
Or *as the* Delphian *Deities watch'd o'er,*
And Thunder guarded ſafe thy hallow'd Store.

Know'ſt thou not, after all thy racking Cares,
To raiſe the Heaps thy niggard Nature ſpares,
The real Value, which thy Treaſure bears?
What? know'ſt thou not its Uſe? let Bread be bought,
Let ſav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be ſought;
Let Nature's Cravings meet their juſt ſupplies;
And little ſure can all her Wants ſuffice.
Reſtleſs all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,
Leſt ſudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;
Leſt ſturdy Burglars ſhould beſiege thy Pelf,
Or faithleſs Servants rob you of your ſelf:
Are theſe the only Joys thy Wealth can grant,
The only Pleaſures that thy Soul can want?
May I ſuch dang'rous Bleſſings ever ſhun,
Nor wiſh prepoſt'rouſly to be undone:
May I be ever Poor, and 'ſcape the Snares
The treach'rous Syren *for the Rich prepares.*
" *But ſhould a raging Fever boil your Blood;*
" *Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood:*
" *Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed,*
" *Gouts rack your Limbs, or ſhootings ſplit your Head:*
" *This will procure you Aid, ſecure you Friends*
" *To watch your Wants, and wait your ſick Commands;*
" *To bathe and rub you with obſequious Care,*
" *And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help prepare;*
" *Shall gain the Doctor's interpoſing Pow'r,*
" *To ſave their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;*
" *Shall make him Med'cines utmoſt Arts explore,*
" *By that one happy Cure the Family to reſtore.*
Miſtaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife,
Dread the Continuance of thy irkſome Life;

Hate

Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,
Retards Poſſeſſion, and their Hope deſtroys:
Theſe are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,
A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.
And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,
Thy only Pleaſure was to rake up Wealth;
That was thy only Friend, the reſt paſt by
Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:
Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,
All was devoted to that fatal Love;
What canſt thou in return from Friends expect,
But equal Hatred, and deſerv'd Neglect?
Well may they in thy Miſeries make bold,
And ſacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.
Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,
But 'tis your Care muſt make 'em ſerve your Ends:
'Tis juſt you buy their Service, as they yours;
'Tis mutual Intereſt Nature's frailer Bond ſecures:
All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,
Succeſsleſs Labour, and unfruitful Pain;
As if you'd teach the ſluggiſh Aſs the Courſe,
To match th' Olympian *Racer's noble Force,*
Or vie with proud Theſſalia's *air-born Horſe.*
Then let there be an End to all your Cares,
And ſince your Stocks are great, be leſs your Fears;
End all your Labours, ſince their End is got,
And Fortune crowns you with a ſmiling Lot.
Do not like rich Umidius (*hateful Name,*
Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame,)
Whoſe Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,
Was meaſur'd out, to eaſe the tedious Tale;

Yet

Yet thoughtleſs Wretch, he dy'd with conſtant dread
Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;
Diſclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,
In Habit, ſuited to his ſlaviſh Mind:
And what's the End of all this Treaſure ſpar'd?
What proves, for all his Toils, a juſt Reward?
A Fav'rite Slave (if any can be ſo
To joyleſs Miſers, who no Pleaſures know)
Took pity on her Patron's wretched Caſe,
Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,
Eas'd him from Life, and ſet his Soul at Peace.
" *Well then? What's your Advice? That I ſhou'd thrive*
" *Like* Nævius, *or like* Nomentanus *live?*
Strangely perverſe! Is that a Vice to ſhun,
To its moſt diſtant Oppoſite *to run,*
Uneaſie to be ſav'd, and glad to be undone?
Is there no golden Medium *to be found,*
A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?
I do not griping Avarice reprehend,
That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend.
Wide is the Diff'rence, and diſtinct the Fire,
Which flames in Tanais, *and exalts Deſire,*
From the froz'n Humours of Viſellius' *Sire.*
In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,
Which muſt be reach'd, and never be tranſgreſs'd:
In this ſmall Compaſs Virtue ſeats her Throne,
By moſt unheeded, tho' to few unknown,
Who leave her real Charms for Monſters of their own.
But to reſume the Subject I begun,
Nor wildly from my ſtated Purpoſe run;
Shall, like the Miſer, none approve his State,
But rather praiſe the diff'rent Turns of Fate?

Shall

Shall pine, when others swell with flowing Joy,
Fond to amass; yet seeming fonder to destroy:
Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,
Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;
Shall only this or that rich Man regard,
Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:
Whilst still some richer One appears in view,
To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.
As, when the Chariots, with applauding cries,
Start from the Goal to run Olympia's *Prize:*
With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,
All forwards press the eager foaming Steed:
Each bravely pushing only at the best,
Drives furious tow'rds it, and neglects the rest.
Hence springs the Reason, why so few confess
Their Life a real Round of Happiness;
That few are known content to quit the Scene,
Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain;
Can leave its Pleasures, like a chearful Guest,
Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feast,
Sated with Life, in all, in its last Changes bless'd.
But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,
Lest Crispin's *tedious Rhimes should be reputed mine.*

SATYR

SATYR II.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

In the Second Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 144.

I Was at firſt, a Piece of Fig-tree Wood:
And long an honeſt Joiner pond'ring ſtood,
Whether he ſhou'd employ his ſhaping Tool
To make a God of me, or a Joint-Stool;
Each Knob he weigh'd, on ev'ry Inch did plod,
And rather choſe to turn me to a God.
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The Fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.
The Raſcals from their pilf'ring Tricks deſiſt,
And dread each wooden Finger of my Fiſt.
The Reeds ſtuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their Flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my Sight.

When any of the Rabble did deceaſe,
They brought 'em to this Place to ſtink in Peace.
Un-noiſome here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
Looſe *Nomentanus* left his Riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.
Nor in theſe Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a Dunghil of its own.

But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:

Myrtle

Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Skulls and Shanks did mix a Ghaſtly Sight.

While here I ſtand the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are thoſe Hags, who, diligent in Ill,
Are either poys'ning or bewitching ſtill:
Theſe I can neither hurt nor terrify,
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt theſe Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up Baneful Herbs and Humane Bones.

I ſaw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and looſe her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round,
Their hideous Howlings ſhook the trembling Ground.
A Paleneſs, caſting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they caſt,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haſte:
A coal-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell,
And Anſwers to their wild Demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready ſtill to skip,
Whene'er the Woollen one but ſnapt his Whip.
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tiſiphone as loud the other bawls;
A Thouſand Serpents hiſs'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compaſs'd all the Gardens round:

Behind

Behind the Tombs, to ſhun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame, or Fright;

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they fly:
And never miſs a Dab, tho' ne'er ſo high.
May Villain *Julius*, and his Raſcal Crew,
Uſe me with juſt ſuch Ceremony too.

But how much Time and Patience wou'd it coſt,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghoſt?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame ſcrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes,
While on the Fire the Waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to ſee their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprites, my Guts,
My Fig-tree Bowels wambled at the Slut:
Mad for Revenge, I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd like Fifty Bladders from behind.

Scar'd with the Noiſe they ſcud away to Town,
While *Sagana*'s falſe Hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of Breath,
And ſcatters from her Jaws her Set of Teeth;
I almoſt burſt to ſee their Labours croſt,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils loſt.

SATYR

SATYR X.

Nempe Incompoſito dixi Pede currere Verſus
Lucili———

Printed in Rocheſter's *Poems in Twelves.*

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I ſaid *Dryden*'s Rhimes
Were ſtoln, unequal, nay, dull many times.
What fooliſh Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With *Wit* and *Learning*, juſtly pleaſe the *Town*,
In the ſame Paper I as freely own:
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy Maſs
That ſtuffs up his Looſe Volumes muſt not paſs;
For by that Rule one might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scenes for *Poetry* and *Wit*.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your *falſe Senſe*
Hits the *falſe Judgment* of an Audience
Of clapping Fools aſſembling, a vaſt Crowd,
'Till the throng'd Play-houſe crack with the dull Load;
Tho' ev'n that Talent merits in ſome ſort,
That can divert the *Rabble* and the *Court*:
Which *blund'ring Settle* never cou'd attain,
And *puzzling Otway* labours at in vain.
But within due Proportion circumſcribe
Whate'er you write; that with a flowing Tide
The Style may riſe; yet, in its Riſe, forbear,
With Uſeleſs Words, t'oppreſs the weary'd Ear.
Here be your Language lofty; there more light;
Your *Rhetorick* with your *Poetry* unite;

For

For Elegance ſake ſometimes allay the Force
Of Epithet; 'twill ſoften the Diſcourſe:
A *Jeſt* in *Scorn* points out, and hits the thing
More home than the Moroſeſt Satyr's Sting.
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon* did in *this* excell,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *Etheridge* Copies not at all,
But is himſelf a meer *Original:*
Nor that *ſlow Drudge* in *ſwift Pindarick* Strains
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
And rides a *Jaded Muſe*, whipt, with *Looſe Reins.*
When *Lee* makes *Temp'rate Scipio* fret and rave,
And *Hannibal* a *Whining am'rous Slave*,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd fuſtian Fool
In *Busby*'s Hands, to be well laſh'd at School.
Of all our Modern Wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true *Comedy*,
But haſty *Shadwell* and ſlow *Wycherley*.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd Works do yet impart
Great Proofs of Force of *Nature*, none of *Art*;
With juſt bold Strokes he daſhes here and there,
Shewing *Great Maſtery* with *Little Care*;
Scorning to *varniſh* his *Good Touches* o'er,
To make the *Fools* and *Women* praiſe him more.
But *Wycherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
He wants no *Judgment*, and he ſpares no *Pains*;
He frequently excels, and, at the leaſt,
Makes fewer Faults than any of the reſt.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays deſign'd,
With *Force*, and *Fire*, and *Fancy* unconfin'd,
In *Panegyrick* does excel Mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things,
To praiſe great *Conquerors*, and flatter *Kings*.

For

For pointed Satyr I would *Buckhurſt* chuſe,
The Beſt *Good Man*, with the *Worſt-natur'd* Muſe.
For *Songs* and *Verſes* mannerly obſcene,
That can ſtir *Nature* up by Springs unſeen,
And, without forcing Bluſhes, warm the Queen;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a *Reſiſtleſs Pow'r* impart
The *Looſeſt* Wiſhes to the *Chaſteſt* Heart;
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire
Betwixt declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
For he to be a Tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he would be *ſharp* he ſtill was *blunt*,
To Friſk and Frolick *Fancy* he'd cry——
Wou'd give the *Ladies* a Dry Bawdy Bob,
And thus he got the Name of *Poet Squab*.
But, to be juſt, 'twill to his Praiſe be found,
His *Excellencies* more than *Faults* abound;
Nor dare I from his ſacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he beſt deſerves to wear.
But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnſon* dull,
Beaumont and *Fletcher* incorrect, and full
Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakeſpear*'s Style
Stiff and affected? To *his own*, the while,
Allowing all the *Juſtice*, that his *Pride*
So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
And may not I have Leave Impartially
To ſearch and cenſure *Dryden*'s Works, and try
If thoſe groſs Faults his *choice Pen* does commit,
Proceed from Want of *Judgment*, or of *Wit*?

Or,

Or, if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
Spirit and Grace to his loose slattern Muse,
Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
Prove him no more a Poet than a Wit;
Such *Scribbling Authors* have been seen before,
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in Half an Hour.
To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least,
Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
Scorn all *Applause* the *Vile Rout* can bestow,
And be content to please *those few* who *know*.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
To wish thy Works may make a *Play-house* ring
With the *unthinking Laughter* and *poor Praise*
Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy Plays?
Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
From the Shrewd Judges in the Drawing-room.
I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
But say with *Betty Morice* heretofore,
When a Court-Lady call'd her *Buckhurst*'s Whore:
I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
Shou'd I be troubl'd, when the *purblind Knight*,
Who squints more in his *Judgment* than his *Sight*,
Picks *silly Faults*, and censures what I write:
Or when the Poor-fed Poets of the Town,
For *Scraps* and *Coach-room* cry my Verses down?
I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
If *Sedley*, *Shadwell*, *Sheppard*, *Wicherly*,
Godolphin, *Butler*, *Buckhurst*, *Buckingham*,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Sense; I count their *Censure* Fame.

The Country Mouſe.

A Paraphraſe upon Horace, *Book* 2. *Sat* 6.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Printed in his Poems, *Page* 723.

AT the large Foot of a fair hollow Tree,
Cloſe to plow'd Ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
His ancient and Hereditary Houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe, well coated ſleek and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his Way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a Day's Lodging: The good hearty Hoſt
(The ancient Plenty of his Hall to boaſt)
Did all the Stores produce, that might excite,
With various Taſtes, the Courtier's Appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peaſon, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut, the delicious Meat
Which Jove *himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat.*
And for a Hautgouſt *there were mix'd with theſe*
The Sword of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheeſe;
The precious Relicks, which at Harveſt he
Had gather'd from the Reapers Luxury.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to-Morrow care.

And

And thus at Eaſe on Beds of Straw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the Day.
Yet the nice Gueſt's Epicurean *Mind*
(Tho' Breeding made him civil ſeem, and kind)
Deſpis'd this Country Feaſt, and ſtill his Thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of London *wrought.*
Your Bounty and Civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpris'd in theſe rude Parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a Mind,
Too noble for the Fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virtuous and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an obſcure Retreat?
Let Savage Beaſts lodge in a Country Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
And taſte the gen'rous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of Quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous Shees about you move,
And by high Fare are pliant made to Love.
We all e'er long muſt render up our Breath,
No Cave or Hole can ſhelter us from Death.
Since Life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in Feaſting, and in Sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
Alas, what Virtue hath ſufficient Arms
T'oppoſe bright Honour, and ſoft Pleaſure's Charms?
What Wiſdom can their Magick Force repel?
It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.
It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That *Phœbus* into *Thetis* Boſom fell:
She bluſh'd at firſt, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains of the Night.

Plainly,

Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
When to the Town our weary'd Travellers get.
To a Lord's Houſe, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the Uſe of Pride and Luxury,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the Door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your Command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' Obedience; and ſo in they go.
Behind a Hanging in a ſpacious Room,
(The richeſt Works of Mortclake's *noble Loom)*
They wait a while they weary'd Limbs to reſt,
'Till Silence ſhould invite them to their Feaſt.
About the Hour that *Cynthia*'s Silver Light,
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the Night;
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It happen'd that the Company was gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble Fancies with a Ball.
Our Hoſt leads forth his Stranger, and does find
All fitted to the Bounties of his Mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd Diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious Bits the Floor was ſtrow'd.
The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat Varieties are bleſt:
Th' induſtrious Peaſant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy Change.
Lo, in the Midſt of a well fraighted Pie
They both at laſt, glutted and wanton, lye:
When ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſp'rous Fate,
And what fierce Storms on mortal Glories wait.
With hideous Noiſe down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' Room;

The wretched Gluttons fly with wild Affright,
And hate the Fulneſs which retards their Flight.
Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
O how the Change of his poor Life he curs'd!
This, of all Lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again, ye Gods, *my Cave and Wood;*
With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.



HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE II.

Part of it, beginning at Non Domus & Fundus, non Æris Acervus & Auri, *&c.*

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

NOR Houſe, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Plate, or Gold,
Can cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's Cold;
Much leſs a Mind with Grief or Care oppreſt:
No Man's Poſſeſſions e'er can make him bleſt,
That is not well himſelf, and ſound at Heart;
Nature will ever be too ſtrong for Art.
Whoever feeds vain Hopes, or fond Deſires,
Diſtracting Fears, wild Love, or jealous Fires,
Is pleas'd with all his Fortunes, like Sore Eyes
With curious Pictures; Gouty Legs and Thighs
With Dancing; or Half-dead and Aking Ears
With Muſick, while the Noiſe he hardly hears.

For if the Cask remains unſound or ſow'r,
Be the Wine ne'er ſo rich you pour,
'Twill take the Veſſel's Taſte, and loſe its own,
And all you fill were better let alone.

EPISTLE X.

From I. S. *to* C. S.

HEalth to my Friend, who loves the Town ſo well;
Health from his Friend, who loves his Country Cell.
In all but this we're like Twin-Brother-Doves,
What one diſlikes the other diſapproves,
And *Covent-Garden-Cooing* but divides our Loves.
Thou keep'ſt the Billing Neſt, I range the Fields,
And taſte what uncorrupted Nature yields;
Riot in Flow'rs, and wanton in the Woods,
Bask on the moſſy Banks, and skim the Floods;
In ſhort, I live and reign, and joy to ſee
My ſelf from thy miſtaken Bleſſings free.
And, as the Slave the *Flamen*'s Surfeits fled,
Nauſeate the Honey-Cakes, and feaſt on Bread.
If Happineſs of Life be worth our Care,
And he who builds, ſhould nicely chuſe his Air;
Tell me a Place which with the Country vies,
In eaſie Bleſſings and in native Joys:
Where Cheerful Heats deceive the Cold ſo well,
Or gentle Gales the raging Heat repel:
When both the *Lyon* and the *Dog* conſpire,
With furious Rays to ſet the Day on fire.

Or

Or where, ah where, but here, can Sleep maintain
(That Slave in Courts) her ſoft imperial Reign?
Is *Parian Marble*, preſs'd beneath thy Feet,
More beautiful than *Flow'rs*, or half ſo ſweet?
Or Water roaring thro' the burſting Lead
So pure, as gliding in its eaſie Bed?
Who builds in Cities yet the Fields approves,
And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves:
Strives for the Country View that fartheſt runs,
And tweers aloof at Beauties which he ſhuns.
In driving Nature out our Force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddeſs comes again;
And creeps in ſilent Triumph, to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.
An Ignorant and Uncomparing Fop
Is cheated leſs in any Mercer's Shop,
Than he who cannot with a Wary Eye
Diſtinguiſh *Happineſs* from *Vanity*.
Who *proſp'rous Chance* too eagerly embrace,
Feel Double Pangs in her Averted Face.
You once muſt leave what you ſo much admire;
Ah, wiſely now, and willingly retire!
Forſake the gaudy Tinſel of the Great;
The peaceful Cottage beckons a Retreat;
Where true Content ſo true a Greatneſs brings,
As ſlights their Fav'rites, and as pities Kings.
The Stag and Horſe in Common Paſture-fed,
'Till Jarrs enſu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;
But Horns are Lucky things, and Palfry fled;
Foaming for Spite (and Paſſion is a Wit)
He fought for Man, and kindly took the Bit;

But when he fully had reveng'd the Cauſe,
The Spurs ſtill gall'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws.
Juſt ſo the Man who had his Freedom ſold
(The Nobler Riches) for inſulting Gold;
His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,
Hackney'd and ſpurr'd thro' all his ſlaviſh Days.
Whoſe Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
Too great or little, he's uneaſy ſtill.
Our Shoes and Fortune ſurely are ally'd,
We limp in Strait, and ſtumble in the Wide.
Then wiſely take what Chance and Fate afford;
Nor wiſh for more; I know thou wilt not hoard;
And when I labour for the ſordid Gains,
Or heap the Traſh; upbraid me for my Pains:
It ſerves, or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
But ſtill the Varlet is a Slave by Kind.
Receive this from thy Friend———
Who laughs in *Kent*, from Care and Bus'neſs free,
And wanting nothing in the World but thee.

EPISTLE X.

Paraphraſed.

Printed in Mr. Cowley's *Poems, in Octavo,* Page 726.

HEalth from the Lover of the Country, *Me*;
Health to the Lover of the City, *Thee*;
A Diff'rence in our Souls this only proves,
In all things elſe w'agree like marry'd Doves.

But the warm Neſt and crouded Dove-houſe thou
Doſt like; I looſely fly from Bough to Bough;
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining Day,
Upon fair Trees, and moſſy Rocks I play:
In fine I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one, at laſt, from the Prieſt's Service fled,
Loathing the Honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a Houſe for Happineſs erect,
Nature it ſelf ſhould be the Architect:
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chuſe her Seat.
Is there a Place doth Better Helps ſupply,
Againſt the Wounds of Winter's Cruelty?
Is there an Air that gentl'er doth aſſwage
The mad Cœleſtial *Dog*'s and *Lion*'s Rage?
Is it not there that Sleep (and only there)
Nor Noiſe without, nor Cares within does fear?
Does Art thro' Pipes a purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a Spring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures ſhew,
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded Palaces;
And in your Towns that Proſpect gives Delight,
Which opens round the Country to our Sight.
Men to the Good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true Joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.
The Man who changes Gold for burniſh'd Braſs,
Or ſmall Right Gems for larger ones of Glaſs,

Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,
Than he who ſells a ſolid Good, to buy
The painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no Glorious Fortune chuſe,
Which 'tis but Pain to keep, yet Grief to loſe:
For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An Humble Roof, Plain Bed, and Homely Board,
More Clear Untainted Pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.
The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the Horſe in common Paſture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always won,
'Till the ambitious Horſe begg'd Help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain.
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight a Greater Burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Maſters they themſelves enſlave.
For Gold their Liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt Flow'r which crowns Humanity.
And all this Miſchief does upon them light,
Only becauſe they know not how aright
That Great, but ſecret Happineſs to prize,
That's laid up, in a little, for the Wiſe.
That is the beſt and eaſieſt Eſtate,
Which to a Man fits cloſe, but not too ſtrait;

'Tis

'Tis like a Shoe, it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow, and too large, it overturns.
My dearest Friend, stop thy Desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the Wealth thou hast;
And if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our Will,
But all our Lawful Pleasures to fulfil:
Shame and Wo to us, if we our Wealth obey:
The Horse doth with the Horseman run away.

Precepts of Friendship and Conversation.

EPISTLE XVIII.

Si bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis Speciem prabere professus Amicus, &c.

WHere *Lollius* does a gen'rous Friendship own,
If well Experience has his Temper shewn,
He dares not play the bant'ring pert Buffoon.
No Matron's chaste Caresses differ more
From fulsom Lewdness of a Suburb-Whore,
Than the false Kindness Men of Plot pretend,
From the true genuine Freedoms of a Friend.
In some a diff'rent worse Extreme we see,
A Rustick, Rude, Ill-natur'd Gravity,
That stalks along, commended to your Sense,
With Teeth all furr'd thro' nasty Negligence,

And Beard as from another World he came,
Affecting Dulneſs, Virtue bears the blame;
By Moderation's Line calm Virtue flies,
Strait is her Courſe, and all her Motions nice,
Above, below, we riſe or ſink to Vice.
Here at the Bottom of the Table plac'd,
A Fawning, Grinning, Paraſitick Gueſt,
Sits to ſtart Jeſts, himſelf the greateſt Jeſt.
So cloſe obſerves he, and with ſo much Care,
His wealthy Patron's Action, and his Air;
His Thoughts and Words, imperfect as they fall,
The Knave ſo catches, ſo repeats them all;
As School-boys their neglected Leſſons ſay,
When, Clauſe by Clauſe, Gruff *Busby* leads the way;
Or raw young Actors practiſe o'er their Part;
When *Powell* ſhews to laugh or cry with Art.
There a ſour Hero, his direct Reverſe,
Contends for Trifles, poſitive and fierce;
His Senſe impoſes with dogmatick Pride,
Commands Aſſent, and will not be deny'd.
And what's the Queſtion? How the Fencers play'd:
Which better fought, or underſtands his Trade.
Of Roads? Or who by Dice and Whores undone?
Or whoſe fine Cloaths have his Eſtate out-run?
Who from pure Prudence hides the ſhining Oar?
Who from a Miſer's greedy Thirſt of more?
Be never with that curious Itch poſſeſt,
Of racking Secrets from a thoughtful Breaſt;
But when imparting Friendſhip makes them thine,
Revere and guard them as a Sacred Shrine,
By Frowns not frighted, nor betray'd by Wine.

Delights

Delights to which your private Fancy bends
Eſteem, with due Submiſſion to your Friends;
Nor, when they call to hunt, the Sport refuſe,
For dull Retirement, and a Cynick Muſe.
This *Zethus* and *Amphion*'s Friendſhip ſhook,
'Till the ſoft Student roſe and clos'd his Book,
Aſſum'd the Nets, and laid his Harp aſide,
And with his Brother's ruſtick Soul comply'd.
Be eaſie, free, and cheerful in your Mien,
A modeſt Silence will be counted Spleen;
Yet cautious what you ſpeak; and uſe your Care,
Well to diſtinguiſh a retentive Ear.
Avoid th'Inquiſitive; be this your Rule,
A prying Coxcomb makes a tatling Fool.
Commend not, 'till the Man is throughly known;
A Raſcal prais'd, you make his Faults your own.
Conſcious of Guilt, attempt not to defend.
Reſerve that Favour for an injur'd Friend,
Whom Ma'ice or Miſtake unjuſtly blame;
You are the proper Guardian of his Fame;
And this good Office may a grateful Mind,
In times to come, reward you for in kind.
Since Scandal and Ill Nature take their rounds,
And Falſhood triumphs in Uncertain Bounds;
Friendſhips with Men of Wealth and State and Pow'r,
Can none but Unexperienc'd Minds allure:
Thoſe who the Favours of the Great have try'd,
Dread their inconſtant Smiles, and hate their Pride.
Beware, my *Lollius*, leſt the flatt'ring Gale,
That ſooths your Paſſage now, ſhould quit your Sail:
Leſt adverſe Winds ſhould riſe; diſturb the Main,
And drive the Veſſel to her Port again.

EPISTLE XVIII.

By Mr. POOLY.

In the Second Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 132.

DEar Friend, for ſurely I may call him ſo,
Who doth ſo well the Laws of Friendſhip know:
I'm ſure you mean the Kindneſs you profeſs,
And to be lov'd by you's a Happineſs;
Not like him, who with Eloquence and Pains,
The ſpecious Title of a Friend obtains;
And the next Day, to pleaſe ſome Man of Senſe,
Breaks Jeſts at his deluded Friend's Expence:
As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
There is another failing of the Mind,
Equal to this, of a quite diff'rent kind;
I mean that rude uncultivated Skill
Which ſome have got of uſing all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn Pretence
Of Freedom and a virtuous Innocence.
Who cauſe they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
Think they may puſh and juſtle all they meet;
And blame whate'er they ſee, complain and brawl,
And think their Virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor waſh their Face,
But think their virtuous Naſtineſs a Grace;
When as true Virtue in a *Medium* lies,
And that to turn to either hand's a Vice.

Others

Others there are, who too obſequious grown,
Live more for others pleaſure than their own;
Applauding whatſoe'er they hear or ſee,
By a too Nauſeous Civility;
And if a Man of Title or Eſtate,
Doth ſome ſtrange Story, true or falſe, relate,
Obſequiouſly they'll cringe, and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall:
As School-boys follow what their Maſters ſay,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are ſo full of their own Senſe,
They take the leaſt Diſpute for an Offence:
And if ſome wiſer Friend their Heat reſtrains,
And ſays the Subject is not worth the Pains;
Strait they reply, *What I have ſaid is true,*
And I'll defend it againſt him and you;
And if he ſtill dares ſay 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he ſays a Lie.
Now, would you ſee from whence theſe Heats ariſe,
And where th' important Contradiction lies?
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's preſt,
S—— or *W*—— pleads his Cauſe the beſt:
Or if to *Windſor* he moſt Minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Staines*;
Who ſpends his Wealth at Pleaſure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay;
And comes to want, and yet dreads nothing more
Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinſman is afraid to ſee,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at Vices which have made him poor,
Tho' he himſelf perhaps hath many more;

Or

Or tells him wisely, *Cousin have a Care,*
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a Small Estate,
Your Pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.
I know you think to huff and live like me;
Cousin, my Wealth supports my Vanity:
But they who've Wit and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t' affect Equality;
Forget you've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who, to punish those
Who, tho' below him, he believ'd his Foes;
And more effectually to vent his Rage,
Sent them Fine Cloaths, and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town;
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
'Till at the last their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the same;
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim;
They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleasures at a cheaper Rate;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken Lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind;
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breast,
You run the risque of losing all the rest:
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret Thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,

Let

Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride or Luſt,
Ever invite you to betray the Truſt.

Firſt, Never praiſe your own Deſigns, and then
Ne'er leſſen the Deſigns of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To ſet a Partridge, or to chaſe a Hare;
Beg he'd excuſe you for this once, and ſay
You muſt go home, and ſtudy all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleaſures but his own,
Was forc'd to give his Brother's Friendſhip o'er,
Or to reſolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He choſe the ſafeſt and the wiſeſt way,
And to oblige his Brother left his Play.
Do you the ſame, and for the ſelf-ſame end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your ſerious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal Pleaſure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and eſteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleaſing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility.
Who ſee you love the Pleaſures they admire,
Will equally approve what you deſire;
Such Condeſcention will more Friendſhip gain
Than the beſt Rules which your wiſe Books contain.
Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where:
For you don't only wound the Man you blame;
But all Mankind, who will expect the ſame.

Shun

Shun all Inquisitive and Curious Men;
For what they hear they will relate again.
And he who hath Impatient Craving Ears,
Hath a Loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
And Words like th' moving Air, of which they're fram'd,
When once let loose can never be reclaim'd,
Where you've Access to a Rich Pow'rful Man,
Govern your Mind with all the Care you can;
And be not by your foolish Lust betray'd
To Court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid;
Lest with a little Portion, and the Pride
Of being to the Family ally'd;
He gives you either; with which Bounty blest,
You must quit all Pretensions to the rest;
Or lest incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
You should abuse the Kindness you receiv'd;
He coldly thwarts your impotent Desire,
Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
Than tempt his Anger any more, and so
Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
Next, Have a care what Men you recommend
To th' Service or Esteem of your Rich Friend;
Lest for his Service or Esteem unfit,
They load you with the Faults which they commit.
But as the wisest Men, with all their Skill,
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill;
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
But if thro' Envy of malicious Men,
They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
And plead their Cause your self; for when you see
Him you commend attack'd with Infamy,

Know

Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim:
And when your Neighbour's Houſe is ſet on fire,
You muſt his Safety as your own conſpire.
Such hidden Fires, tho' in a Suburbs caſt,
Neglected, may conſume the Town at laſt.
They who don't know the Dangers which attend
The glitt'ring Court of a Rich Pow'rful Friend;
Love no Eſtate ſo much, and think they're bleſt,
When they but make a Leg among the reſt;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, leſt, with their Time and Pain,
They loſe more Pleaſure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Veſſel's under ſail,
You make your beſt advantage of the Gale;
Leſt the Wind changes, and ſome Stormy Rain
Should throw you back to your firſt Port again,
You muſt endeavour to diſpoſe your Mind
To pleaſe all Humours of a diff'rent kind;
Whoſe Tempers ſerious, and their Humour ſad,
They think all Blithe and Merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and of Humour free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious Gravity;
They who are ſlow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the Buſie Active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.
They whoſe free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To drink all Night, to revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man that can his Cups refuſe,
Tho', his untimely Virtue to excuſe,

He

He ſwears that one ſuch merry drinking Feaſt
Would make him ſick for a whole Week at leaſt.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow;
The Modeſt Men are thought obſcure and low;
And they who an affected Silence keep,
Are thought to be the rigid, ſour, and deep.
Amongſt all other things do not omit
To ſearch the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the Converſation of the Wiſe:
In what true Happineſs and Pleaſure lies;
Which are the ſafeſt Rules to live at eaſe,
And the beſt way to make all Fortunes pleaſe;
Leſt thro' the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And Fear of loſing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unſatisfy'd miſguided Mind,
To needy Wiſhes and falſe Joys confin'd,
Puts its free, boundleſs, ſearching Thoughts in Chains,
And where it ſought its Pleaſures finds it Pains.
If Virtuous Thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by Nature, or obtain'd by Art;
What leſſens Cares, the Mind's uneaſie Pain,
And reconciles us to our ſelves again;
Which doth the trueſt Happineſs create,
Unblemiſh'd Honour or a great Eſtate,
Or a ſafe private Quiet, which betrays
It ſelf to Eaſe, and cheats away the Days.
When I am at—— where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Eſtate;
Where Nature's Care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treaſures and its outward Pride;
What Thoughts d'ye think thoſe eaſie Joys inſpire?
What do you think I covet or deſire?

'Tis

'Tis that I may but undiſturb'd poſſeſs
The littl' I have, and if Heav'n pleaſes, leſs;
That I to Nature and my ſelf may give
The little Time that I have left to live;
Some Books in which I ſome New Thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refreſh my Mind;
Some Horſes, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleaſures which the Seaſons make;
An eaſie Plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
The Frugal Pains of a Domeſtick Care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love ſuch an idle Life and me;
Then Heav'n give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A grateful Soul and a contented Mind.





HORACE.

Of the ART of POETRY.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

Printed in the Third Part of Miſcellany Poems, Page 1.

IF in a Picture (*Piſo*) you ſhould ſee
A handſom Woman with a Fiſh's Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſe's Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts of the moſt diff'rent Kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds,
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Truſt me that Book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent Style (like Sick Mens Dreams)
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their Pencils and their Fancies unconfin'd.
This Privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common Laws of Senſe,
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,

Or

Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs.
Some that at firſt have promis'd Mighty things,
Applaud themſelves when a few Florid Lines
Shine thro' th'inſipid Dulneſs of the reſt:
Here they deſcribe a Temple or a Wood,
Or Streams that thro' delightful Meadows run,
And there the Rainbow and the rapid *Rhine*;
But they miſplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to ſeek in other things,
As he that only can deſign a Tree,
Would be to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm.
When you begin with ſo much Pomp and Shew,
Why is the End ſo little and ſo low?
Be what you will, ſo you be ſtill the ſame.
Moſt Poets fall into the groſſeſt Faults,
Deluded by a Seeming Excellence.
By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure,
And when they would write ſmoothly, they want Strength.
Their Spirits ſink; while others, that affect
A Lofty Style, ſwell to a Tympany;
Some timorous Wretches ſtart at ev'ry Blaſt,
And fearing Tempeſts, dare not leave the Shore;
Others in love with wild Variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood.
Thus Fear of erring, join'd with Want of Skill,
Is the moſt certain Way of erring ſtill.
The Meaneſt Workman in th' *Æmilian* Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair;
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun.
What is there more ridiculous than he?
For one or two Good Features in a Face,
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,

Make

Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength;
And often try what Weight they can support,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear;
After a serious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail.
As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
Consists in chusing a fit Time for things,
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd
In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill.
You gain your Point, if your industrious Art
Can make Unusual Words easy and plain;
But (if you write of things abstruse or new)
Some of your own inventing may be us'd
(So it be seldom and discreetly done.)
But he that hopes to have New Words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the *Grecian* Spring,
As they may seem to flow without Constraint.
Can an impartial Reader discommend
In *Varus*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes
In *Plautus* or *Cecilius?* Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When *Ennius* and *Cato*'s copious Style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have Leave
To coin new Words well suited to the Age.
Words are like Leaves, some wither ev'ry Year,
And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.
Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate:
The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæsar*'s stupendious Work)
Protects our Navies from the raging North;
And (since *Cethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)

We

We plow and reap where former Ages row'd.
See how the *Tyber*, whoſe licentious Waves
So often over-flow'd the Neighb'ring Fields,
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive courſe,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
Why then ſhould Words challenge Eternity,
When greateſt Men and greateſt Actions dye?
Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt Words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in vogue:
Uſe is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.
Homer firſt taught the World, in *Epick* Verſe,
To write of great Commanders and of Kings;
Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for Grief,
Tho' now we uſe them to expreſs our Joy;
But to whoſe Muſe we owe that ſort of Verſe,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilochus*,
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muſe:
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whoſe commanding Sound
Awes the tumultuous Noiſes of the Pit,
And whoſe peculiar Province is the Stage.
Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleaſing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,
Are proper Subjects for a Lyrick Song.
Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows, nor would obſerve a Rule;
And chuſes to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his Ignorance and learn.
Let ev'ry thing have its due Place and Time.
A Comick Subject loves an Humble Verſe;
Thyeſtes ſcorns a Low and Comick Style:

Yet

Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her Voice,
And *Chremes* be allowed to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their State to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words.
He that would have Spectators ſhare his Grief,
Muſt write not only well but movingly,
And raiſe Men's Paſſions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad, who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf: Then (*Telephus*)
I feel the Weight of your Calamities,
And fancy all your Miſeries my own;
But if you act them ill, I ſleep, or laugh.
Your Looks muſt alter, as your Subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere;
For Nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our Fortune's Changes in our Face.
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous Rage tranſports,
And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
And theſe are all interpreted by Speech:
But he whoſe Words and Fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jeſt.
Obſerve the Characters of thoſe that ſpeak,
Whether an Honeſt Servant, or a Cheat;
Or one whoſe Blood boils in his youthful Veins;
Or a grave Matron, or a buſie Nurſe,
Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebans*, *Aſians*, or *Greeks*.
Follow Report, or feign coherent things,
Deſcribe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all Judges, and all Law, but Arms:

Medea

Medea must be all Revenge and Blood,
Ino all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit;
Io must wander, and *Oreſtes* mourn.
If your bold Muſe dare tread Unbeaten Paths,
And bring New Characters upon the Stage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New Subjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chuſe a Well-known Theme,
Than truſt to an Invention of your own;
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That with ſome Juſtice it may paſs for yours:
But then you muſt not copy Trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,
Nor (as ſome ſervile Imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy Rules,
As they muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the Laws of Decency renounce:
Begin not as th' Old Poetaſter did
(Troy's *famous War, and* Priam's *Fate I ſing*)
In what will all this Oſtentation end?
The lab'ring Mountain ſcarce brings forth a Mouſe.
How far is this from the *Mœonian* Style,
Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, ſuch Change of Manners ſaw?
One with a Flaſh begins, and ends in Smoke,
The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light;
And (without raiſing Expectation high)
Surprizes us with darling Miracles.
The bloody *Leſtrygon*'s inhumane Feaſts,
With all the Monſters of the Land and Sea;
How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd:
He doth not trouble us with *Leda*'s Eggs,

When

When he begins to write the *Trojan* War;
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleager*'s Death.
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the Plot;
He chuſes only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are ſo aptly mix'd,
That all ſeems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhou'd ſtay to hear
The Epilogue, and ſee the Curtain fall;
Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,
And by thoſe Rules form all your Characters.
One that has newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves Childiſh Plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
A Youth that firſt caſts off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horſes, Hounds, and Sports, and Exerciſe,
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and Ambition rule our Riper Years,
And make us Slaves to Intereſt and Power.
Old Men are only Walking Hoſpitals,
Where all Defects and all Diſeaſes crowd,
With reſtleſs Pain, and more tormenting Fear;
Lazy, moroſe, full of Delays and Hopes,
Oppreſt with Riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And fond of all the Follies of the paſt.
Thus all the Treaſures of our flowing Years,
Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th'ambitious Care of Men,
Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.

Some

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see:
Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
But Auditors must trust their Ears and you:
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate:
Medea must not draw her murth'ring Knife,
And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage;
Nor *Atreus* there his Horrid Feast prepare:
Cadmus' and *Progne's Metamorphosis*
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play.
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a Bus'ness worthy of a God,
And in one Scene no more than Three should speak.
A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,
And hath a Generous and Manly Part;
Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,
And strict Observance of impartial Laws,
Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,
To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
But nothing must be sung between the Acts,
But what some way conduces to the Plot.
First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience
Of our well-meaning frugal Ancestors.
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,

And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)
Study'd New Arts of Luxury and Ease,
The Verse, the Musick, and the Scenes improv'd;
For how should Ignorance be Judge of Wit,
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jests of Fools?
Then came Rich Cloaths and Graceful Action in,
Then Instruments were taught more Moving Notes,
And Eloquence, with all her Pomp and Charms,
Foretold as Useful and Sententious Truths,
As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.
The first Tragedians found that serious Style
Too grave for their uncultivated Age,
And so brought Wild and Naked Satyrs in,
Whose Motions, Words, and Shape, were all a Farce,
(As oft as Decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,
Lov'd such Variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King
(Stripp'd of his golden Crown, and purple Robe)
Descend to a Mechanick Dialect;
Nor (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high,
With Empty Sound, and Airy Notions fly;
For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimick Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.
You must not think that a Satyrick Style
Allows of Scandalous and Brutish Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope;
And if your Style be natural and smooth,

All

All Men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may
Improve the common, and the plaineſt things.
A Satyr, that comes ſtaring from the Woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an Orator;
But tho' his Language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be obſcene and impudent;
The Better Sort abhor Scurrility,
And often cenſures what the Rabble likes.
Unpoliſh'd Verſes paſs with many Men,
And *Rome* is too indulgent in that Point.
But then, to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
Is ſuch a raſh, ill-grounded Confidence,
As Men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Conſider well the *Greek* Originals,
Read them by Day, and think of them by Night.
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time,
With too much Patience (not to call it worſe)
His harſh, unequal Verſe, was Muſick then,
And Rudeneſs had the Privilege of Wit:
When *Theſpis* firſt expos'd the Tragick Muſe,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
Where ghaſtly Faces, ſtain'd with Lees of Wine,
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd:
This *Æſchylus* (with Indignation) ſaw,
And built a Stage, found out a Decent Dreſs,
Brought Vizards in (a Civiler Diſguiſe)
And taught Men how to ſpeak, and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great Applauſe,
Till her Licentious and Abuſive Tongue

Waken'd the Magiſtrate's coercive Power,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her Inſolence.
Our Writers have attempted every Way,
And they deſerve our Praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
And found fit Subjects for her Verſe at home;
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our Wit,
Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright Poets from that neceſſary Toil.
Democritus was ſo in love with Wit,
And ſome Mens Natural Impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the Help of Art and Rules,
And thought none Poets till their Brains were crack'd:
And this hath ſo intoxicated ſome
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They Cleanlineſs and Company renounce
For Lunacy, beyond the Cure of Art.
With a Long Beard and ten Long dirty Nails,
Paſs currant for *Apollo*'s Livery.
O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring
Some Phyſick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
None would have writ with more Succeſs than I;
But I am ſatisfy'd to keep my Senſe,
And only ſerve to whet that Wit in you:
To which I willingly reſign my Claim.
Yet without writing, I may teach to write,
Tell what the Duty of a Poet is;
Wherein his Wealth and Ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd;
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill;

Sound

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing well:
And when Philoſophy directs your Choice
To proper Subjects, rightly underſtood,
Words from your Pen will naturally flow:
He only gives the proper Characters,
Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators ſhould act,
And what becomes a General to do;
Thoſe are the likeſt Copies, which are drawn
By the Original of Humane Life.
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted Plays,
We meet with ſuch a lucky Character,
As being humour'd right and well purſu'd,
Succeeds much better than the ſhallow Verſe
And chiming Trifles of more ſtudious Pens.
Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,
For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,
And taught no Arts but thoſe of Uſury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can ſubdivide a Fraction.
Can Souls, who by their Parents, from their Birth,
Have been devoted thus to Ruſt and Gain,
Be capable of High and Gen'rous Thoughts?
Can Verſes writ by ſuch an Author, live?
But you (brave Youth) wiſe *Numa*'s worthy Heir,
Remember of what weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,
That has not paſs'd all Judges, and all Teſts.
A Poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both.
Let all your Precepts be ſuccinct and clear,

That ready Wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful Memories retain them long;
For Superfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your Parts,
To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old Age explodes all but Morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring Youths;
But he that joins Inſtructions with Delight,
Profit with Pleaſure carries all the Votes:
Theſe are the Volumes that enrich the Shops;
Theſe paſs with Admiration thro' the World,
And bring their Author an eternal Fame.
Be not too rigidly cenſorious;
A String may jarr in the beſt Maſter's Hand,
And the moſt skilful Archer miſs his Aim:
But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight Miſtake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his Fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent
As a Muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame Note;
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd Fop
(Among his numerous Abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome Tolerable Line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch Company,
And wonder by what Magick they came there.
But in long Works Sleep will ſometimes ſurprize;
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.
Poems (like Pictures) are of diff'rent ſorts,

Some

Some better at a distance, others near;
Some love the Dark, some chuse the cleareſt Light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing Eye;
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.
But *Piſo* (tho' your own Experience,
Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wiſe)
Remember this as an important Truth;
Some things admit of Mediocrity;
A Counſellor, or Pleader at the Bar,
May want *Maſſala*'s pow'rful Eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep *Caſſellius*;
Yet this indiff'rent Lawyer is eſteem'd:
But no Authority of Gods nor Men
Allow of any Mean in Poeſy.
As an Ill Conſort, and a Courſe Perfume,
Diſgrace the Delicacy of a Feaſt,
And might with more Diſcretion have been ſpar'd;
So Poeſy, whoſe End is to delight,
Admits of no Degrees, but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.
In other things, Men have ſome Reaſon left;
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Deſpairing of Succeſs, forbears to try;
But all (without Conſideration) write;
Some thinking that th'Omnipotence of Wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they pleaſe.
But *Piſo*, you are of too quick a Sight,
Not to diſcern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly ſtruggle with your Genius;
Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
Let your Productions paſs the Strickteſt Hands,
Mine, and your Father's, and not ſee the Light,

Till

'Till Time and Care hath ripen'd ev'ry Line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But Words once ſpoke, can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inſpir'd by more than humane Pow'r,
Did not, (as Poets feign) tame Savage Beaſts,
But Men, as lawleſs, and as wild as they,
And firſt diſſuaded them from Rage and Blood.
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute:
Poets, the firſt Inſtructers of Mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native Uſe;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And ſome to publick, ſome to private Ends;
Promiſcuous Love by Marriage was reſtrain'd,
Cities were built, and uſeful Laws were made;
So ancient is the Pedigree of Verſe,
And ſo divine a Poet's Function:
Then *Homer*'s and *Tyrtæus*' martial Muſe
Waken'd the World, and ſounded loud Alarms.
To Verſe we owe the ſacred Oracles,
And our beſt Precepts of Morality:
Some have by Verſe obtain'd the Love of Kings
(Who, with the Muſes eaſe their weary'd Minds)
Then bluſh not, noble *Piſo*, to protect
What Gods inſpire, and Kings delight to hear.
Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them ſo:
I neither ſee what Art without a Vein,
Nor Wit without the Help of Art, can do;
But mutually they need each other's Aid.
He that intends to gain th'*Olympick* Prize,
Muſt uſe himſelf to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,

Take

Take leave of Wine, and the ſoft Joys of Love:
And no Muſician dares pretend to Skill,
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;
But ev'ry little buſy Scribbler now
Swells with the Praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
Brags of his Impudence, and ſcorns to mend.
A Wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire
A Flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradeſmen do
To perſuade Cuſtomers to buy their Goods:
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude your ſelf, nor read your Book
Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend, and feign an Ecſtaſy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to pleaſe;
True Friends appear leſs mov'd than Counterfeit;
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
Are not ſo loud as thoſe that cry for Hire.
Wiſe were the Kings, who never choſe a Friend,
'Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
And ſeen the Bottom of his deepeſt Thoughts.
You cannot arm your ſelf with too much Care
Againſt the Smiles of a deſigning Knave.
Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more Care ſupply the Vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obſtinate
(And apter to defend, than mend your Faults)
With Silence leave you to admire your ſelf,
And without Rival hug your darling Book:

The

The prudent Care of an impartial Friend
Will give you Notice of each idle Line;
Shew what ſounds harſh, and what wants Ornament,
Or where it is too laviſhly beſtow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obſcure,
And, with a ſtrict Enquiry, mark your Faults;
Nor for theſe Trifles fear to loſe your Love.
Thoſe Things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious Conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A Mad Dog's Foam, th'Infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to ſhun,
Than Poetaſters in their raging Fits,
Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys;
But dreaded and proſcrib'd by Men of Senſe.
If in the raving of a frantick Muſe,
And minding more his Verſes than his Way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a Well,
Tho' he might burſt his Lungs to call for Help,
No Creature wou'd aſſiſt or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold Fit leap'd into *Ætna*'s Flames.
Give Poets leave to make themſelves away.
Why ſhould it be a greater Sin to kill,
Than to keep Men alive againſt their Will?
Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice;
For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
He would be at his Frolick once again,
And his Pretenſions to Divinity.

'Tis

'Tis hard to ſay, whether for Sacrilege,
Or Inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of Crime,
The Rhiming Fiend is ſent into theſe Men;
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſs'd;
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks looſe,
Without Diſtinction ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd that came within their Reach;
Sticking like Leeches, 'till they burſt with Blood:
Without Remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave 'till they have read Men dead.

FINIS.

